

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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VICTORIES AGAINST UGLINESS

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ONE MORE GREAT MAN GONE

LORD BALFOUR'S GOODBYE

The Simple End of a Long and Splendid Life

A FRIEND OF PEACE

When Lord Balfour breathed his last, leaving life and light with scarce "one longing, lingering look behind," the world mourned as for one of the simple great ones gone.

Nothing was more in keeping with his life than his way of leaving it. He knew the end was coming. He awaited it with the serenity which had marked him during his life.

His last thought was for a faithful servant. Knowing that the end was near he would not go without thanking that old friend, so he sent for him. "Good-bye," said the great man to the humble one; "thank you for all you have done for me."

A Noble Example

If that were all the world had to remember of Lord Balfour the memory would be a great one to cherish, for those last words of a dying man are a noble example of thought for another at the most solemn moment of life.

But the world is indebted to Lord Balfour for many other things. He set an example of a political career which was without stain. Many differed from him in politics. His acts as a politician were often questioned. Many of his days were spent in the stormy waters of strife. But the bitterest of his opponents never questioned his honourable intentions.

He was for many years a House of Commons man, and no higher tribute could be paid to him than the regret with which all parties saw him leave that arena of conflict.

Balfour Forest

They felt, as the world feels at this moment, that something strong, enduring, and noble had been removed from them. He was then, as always to the end of his life, like that noble Roman who, just in his thoughts and action, and strong in his beliefs, was never to be shaken from his ground of principle.

His career as a politician has been told in many columns. What will longest be remembered of him will not be his political struggles, his triumphs, his failures, his successes, but that he stood for something greater than warfare. He stood for peace. Knowing that, Palestine named a forest after him.

It was Lord Balfour who at the Washington Conference first accepted on behalf of Great Britain, the greatest Naval Power in the world, the idea and the principle of the reduction of navies.

It is the most immortal thing he did, and some of us will live to see it yield a rich harvest.

A Dutch Scene in Kent



Although it might be thought that this picture was taken in Holland, from which country vast quantities of tulips are sent to the London market, it was actually taken only a few miles from the capital. These young people dressed in Dutch costume are carrying spring flowers from a glasshouse at Dartford Heath in Kent.

GOODBYE TO A BROTHER

THE last of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers, a stately figure in the pageantry of nearly half-a-century, took his last ride from the house he was born in on a plain farm cart.

The small procession of four farm carts and the little company of mourners walked for about a mile along the country road, sometimes through an avenue of trees, sometimes among snowdrops and daffodils. The coffin was carried to the farm cart by six old servants, and was received at the church by the minister who was conducting the service, the brother of the Archbishop who was at that same time conducting the memorial service in the Abbey.

The pathetic memory that will live long with those who were present at these services is that of Lord Balfour's two sisters. There was one at the graveside and one at the Abbey, both in invalid chairs, both insisting, in their great sorrow, on paying the last sad farewell

to the famous brother they had loved so well.

At Whittingehame Miss Alice Balfour sat near the grave with a basket of snowdrops, and after the coffin had been lowered she was lifted from her chair and sat down on the bank of clay, dropping the snowdrops into the grave. There she sat till they led her away.

At the Abbey Lord Balfour's other sister, Lady Rayleigh, had determined to be present in spite of weakness, but the effort was almost too much for her, and she sat with bowed head and arm upraised as if in great distress. The King's doctor, Lord Dawson, hastened to her side and comforted her by his presence.

In the Abbey there were present or represented a sorrowful company of the great ones of the land; far away up in Scotland the dear and simple man whom everybody loved was laid to his rest by his old home, among his own people.

LITTLE FOE BROUGHT ON THE WIND

What is Happening to Our Elms

A NEW THREAT TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

England's immemorial elms are threatened with the gravest danger that can befall living things. They are being invaded by a germ against which no antidote has been found.

The germ is a kind of fungus which settles first on the leaf stems and twigs, and, penetrating farther and farther into the veins of the tree, chokes them till the elm dies, trunk and branch.

It is so tiny a foe that its spores can be broadcast everywhere by the wind. It was the wind that brought it to England.

Its first home appears to have been Holland, for this malady of the tree is called the Dutch Elm Disease. From Holland it spread to Belgium, Northern France, Western Germany, and Norway. It is now killing an avenue of elms at Folkestone.

In the story which Mr. H. G. Wells told of the invasion of the Earth by the Martians these fearful beings from another planet were destroyed not by weapons which men could bring to bear on them, but by the unknown, unfamiliar microbes of our air and soil.

Chances of Survival

The elms of England in the same way have survived the storms which break their brittle branches, and even the woodcutter's axe. But to the microbe fungus they must succumb.

There is, nevertheless, hope for them. It sometimes happens in the history of a disease germ that after appearing noxious for many years it loses its virulence and is no longer so powerful for evil. It cannot wither and destroy its victim as certainly as before.

It may cease to be harmful at all. There is another chance for the elm. Not all elms are equally likely to be infested by the disease. Some can resist as some fortunate people are able to resist influenza and seldom or never fall victims to it.

If there are a few thousand stalwart elms which put up a good fight against the fungus in the south-east corner of England a new race of resistant elms may spring up to preserve for us this most beautiful and characteristic tree of the English landscape.

A PICKER UP OF LITTLE THINGS

One of the latest American inventions is a huge magnet which is used instead of the ordinary street sweepers. It is attached to a big crane, and drawn over the roads after numbers of cars have been parked together, so picking up all sorts of bits of iron, steel, screws, and wires.

WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

TAXING THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP

A Suggestion Which Will Tax the Cleverest Chancellor

PUSSY IN THE STREET

Everyone dreads the coming of the Budget, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer imposes taxes upon us all; and many people, anxious to avoid taxes where they are most felt, are fruitful at this time of the year in suggestions of new sources which might be taxed to relieve something of the burden on the old.

One suggestion heard every year is that dog licences should be heavily increased in price. In the making of this proposal people forget the chorus of despair which rises from the poor every January when the present small licence fee has to be paid. At such times we actually have public subscriptions to pay for licences, in order that poor lovers of dogs may not have to sacrifice their pets.

An Overlooked Fact

This year, however, there has been an agitation for the taxation of cats. We are told that all cats could wear collars with labels and that the collection of such a tax would be easy. This suggestion overlooks the fact that it would be more difficult to prove the possession of a cat than the possession of an unlicensed wireless set.

A dog goes boldly in and out of the house, and will generally come at a call, but the cat has always preserved that haughty independence which its ancestors had in their original Oriental home; an independence which the wild cat of today still maintains in the forests of the Scottish Highlands.

Nobody's Property

The task might not require as much courage as was demanded of the mice which once proposed to bell the cat; but any tax-collector who sought to make such a regulation effective would need a patience and agility not as yet provided for in the terms on which Government servants are engaged.

Besides, we have in our midst an increasing wild population of cats. The little animals we see about our streets, gardens, and parks are not all private property. For years the number of cats, which have never been inside a human habitation has been steadily growing in England. There are parts of London where cats roam free and multiply at large, just as the undomesticated species do in the wilds of Africa.

A Return to Freedom

In a certain London suburb cats have run wild and gone back to the habits of their ancestors as completely as did the horses which roamed free after the break-up of the first Spanish settlements in South America. The kittens are born in the open, under summer-houses, beneath the hollow floors of tool-sheds, in the recesses of rubbish heaps where garden litter is deposited. Sixteen such kittens were discovered in a single road last year.

With their return to freedom these cats have regained the ferocity which marks the true wild species. A little while ago a lady, mistaking one of them for a house cat, put down her hand to fondle it and was so badly bitten and scratched that she had to be taken to hospital. If cats of that kind could be taxed into discipline and fewness of number Mr. Snowden would earn the gratitude of many people, but who would bell such cats for him?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Boötes	Bo-o-teez
Maté	Mah-tay
Rostov	Rahs-tot
Siliceous	Sil-ish-us

MARY WALLIS KEEPS HER WORD

A Servant's Vow

THE GIRL WHO BUILT A CHURCH AT EWELL

In the charming village of Ewell in Surrey, at the opening of the Mary Wallis Hall, the Rev. A. M. Chirgwin told an amazing story of the building.

In the year of the Battle of Austerlitz (1805) a little girl of nine entered domestic service in Ewell, and received as her wages food, clothing, and a bed. This was luxury for the small girl, for her family was very poor and the French wars had drained England of its wealth.

Mary was a hardworking little servant, and before long had her salary increased to sixpence a week, and there were occasional tips from visitors to the house. One Sunday, on her way home from church in Epsom, the thought flashed across her mind that she perhaps might build a little church! The thought took possession of her, and there and

Two Words on Sussex

THIS is what Mr. Kipling wrote of Sussex not many years ago:

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground, in a fair ground,
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

This is what the Minister of Transport, Mr. Herbert Morrison, said of Sussex the other day:

On the Sussex Downs there exist
shacks and bungalows which are a
disgrace to Sussex.

*It ought to be impossible for such a
place as Peacehaven to exist.*

The time has long passed when people
can be allowed to do what they like with
their own property.

then she knelt down in the narrow lane and made a solemn vow that, except what was necessary for bare clothing, she would devote all her earnings to the purpose of building a church in Ewell.

Everyone laughed at her idea, and her master and mistress were strongly opposed to it. Very often she was inclined to abandon the project, but she persevered, and after many years she managed to save £100. With this she bought a piece of land and started a builder. She watched the walls rise with an eagerness we can imagine. Then her savings began to dwindle. The building was costing more than she expected, and one day the builder informed her that he would do no more work until she paid him £20.

Faith Justified

When she told her master about this he said: "Mary, you will be ruined; they will strip you to your last gown."

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, "God will send me another gown before this is taken from me."

A few days afterwards Mary received a parcel containing a new gown and twenty guineas!

With this help she was able to finish the building, and for years the little church was used for public worship. Then a larger church was needed, and Mary's little building became a builder's shed. The shed and the yard came into the market, and were bought and the shed was rebuilt, what was left of Mary's walls being kept. This it is which has now been opened by Lady Evan Spicer for educational and social purposes, and it bears the name of the Mary Wallis Hall.

A FEATHER IN THEIR CAPS

A Great Record of the British Steel Men

British workmen are putting together the giant steel skeleton of Thames House, Millbank, at the rate of 400 tons a week.

In one week they lifted up, fixed in position, bolted, and riveted 1082 tons of its innumerable steel joints, limbs, and members. It is a record, and a great one.

Before this thousand tons was put in its place by Dorman and Long, the contractors, the previous record was 680 tons in one week at Olympia. Put on their mettle, the men from Middlesbrough and London beat this record by fifty per cent.

It is a fine performance for the British steel industry, so recently said to be on its last legs, and seems to show that the British workman, when put to it, is still the best in the world and that there are few occasions when there are any better.

MARIGOLD DAY

A Good Work Needing You

Some time ago, when mentioning with sympathy the various London Flower Days, the C.N. quite inadvertently omitted Marigold Day, organised by the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, whose day this year was the first of April.

A courteous correspondent, calling our attention to this, too late for a reference before the actual day, points out that the mental suffering of those born totally deaf is not apparent to the general public. Consequently it is difficult to find people willing to collect, and so the day passes comparatively unnoticed.

We are glad to summarise the admirable work of the association, which has its office at 413, Oxford Street, London.

It provides six institutes and churches where the mental and spiritual needs of the deaf are alleviated and help is provided in various difficulties. It helps in finding work, and it cares, as far as its funds will allow, for a hundred who are blind and deaf. It provides a Rescue Home; it interprets in police courts and hospitals; it visits seventeen mental hospitals; it trains many missionaries for various parts of England. There are 4000 deaf and dumb in London alone, and a hundred of them are also blind.

We are sure our readers will sympathise with this most humane and necessary work, and though our reference is too late for Marigold Day this year we beg a little help for this most precious work.

THE MAN WHO LOVED THE HILLS

Robertson Lamb, lover of the hills, has a perfect memorial.

Robertson Lamb was one of the pioneer members of the Wayfarers Club, composed chiefly of Merseyside climbers. He loved the air of the mountain-top, and when he died in 1927 his sister felt that the fittest memorial to him would be a rest house for other climbers.

She searched for a long time in vain. One cottage was offered to her, and while she was considering the offer a gale blew it down. At last Row Head Cottage was chosen, on the road from Ambleside to Dungeon Ghyll, among glorious Westmorland scenery.

It was a derelict cottage, but the walls and main timbers were sound, and Miss Lamb has paid for its repair by local men. There is now one big dormitory upstairs with a living room, kitchen, and store room below. A beck comes tumbling down the garden side, so there is no need for a bathroom.

Row Head Cottage is now the Robertson Lamb Hut. A brother is commemorated and an old cottage is saved.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

NEW MOTTO FOR THE KINEMA WORLD

Safety First for Children: Danger First for Grown-Ups CHEAPNESS RULES THE FILM

The Safety First Crusade in the kinemas is getting on.

The disaster at Paisley, when 70 children were sacrificed to the inflammable film, has fortified the demand for its abolition.

The Renfrewshire Education Authority has adopted a resolution demanding legislation to ensure that only non-inflammable films shall be used in kinemas when children are in a preponderance.

About eighty education authorities have supported this resolution, and letters and petitions are said to be pouring into the Home Office, and being received by the Prime Minister and Members of Parliament.

A Question Awaiting Answer

We agree with this demand, but at the risk of wearying our readers we return to the call for safety films which has been urged in these columns for years. As long ago as 1926 we said:

The kinema is the most glaring example in the world of a great invention turned to foolishness by men of no idea. Fortunes have grown in it like mushrooms, yet it has persistently refused to conduct itself like a great business.

Though safe films have long been available, the inflammable films are still used because they are cheaper, and it is on the altar of cheapness that people have perished.

We agree that the non-inflammable film should be compulsory when children are in a preponderance; but we ask why should the inflammable film be allowed at other times?

It will be a poor thing for the kinemas when it is felt that they are safe for children and dangerous for the bread-winners.

Let this selfish trade do the right and honourable thing.

THINGS SAID

I suggest that we should change the name of the War Office.

Colonel Erskine-Murray

The National Gallery should be called the International Gallery.

Dr. Delisle Burns

It is a scientific fact that both physical and mental qualities are inherited.

Sir James Jeans

If a man drinks to drown his troubles he will find that they can swim.

Mr. R. A. Young

In his day there were no newspapers in every house, yet the whole country knew Dickens.

Mr. Baldwin

The cheapest and quickest way to get trade is through the papers.

Sir Charles Higham

Poetry today is as silent about love as if it were a forbidden subject or a creed outworn.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

We spend £280,000,000 a year on alcohol and £50,000,000 in clearing up the mess.

Dr. J. E. Harburn

Only one-half per cent of the London public go to the theatre regularly.

Sir Gerald du Maurier

Watering-places are apt to attract the folk who bring food with them and leave broken bottles behind.

Mrs. M. L. Woods

I am sure the typewriter and the pneumatic drill will be incorporated into the orchestra by the Wagner of the future.

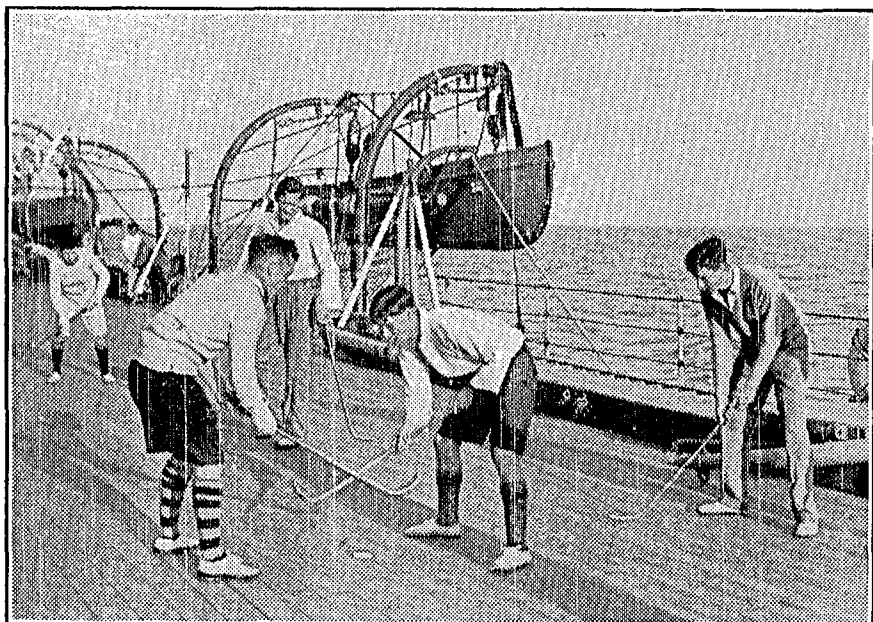
Mr. Robert Lynd

April 5, 1930

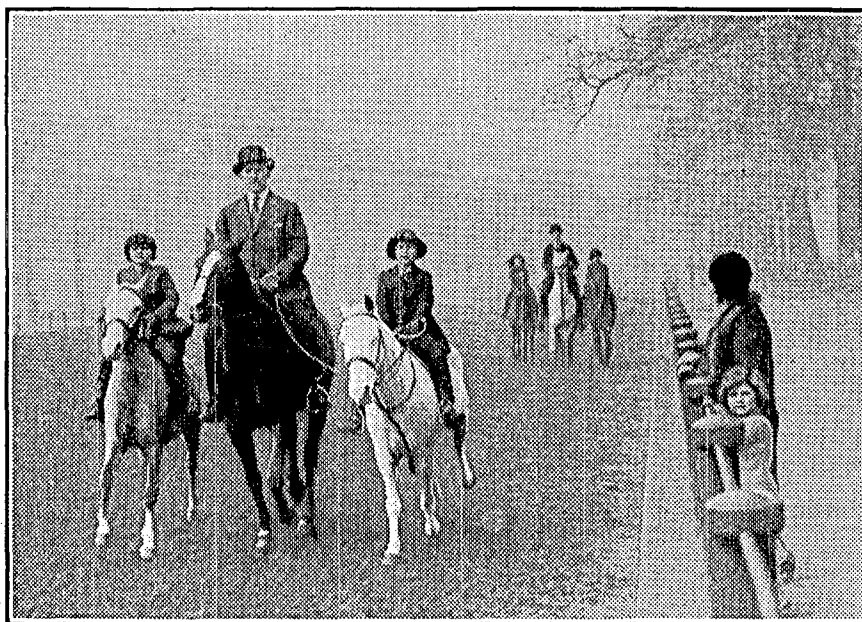
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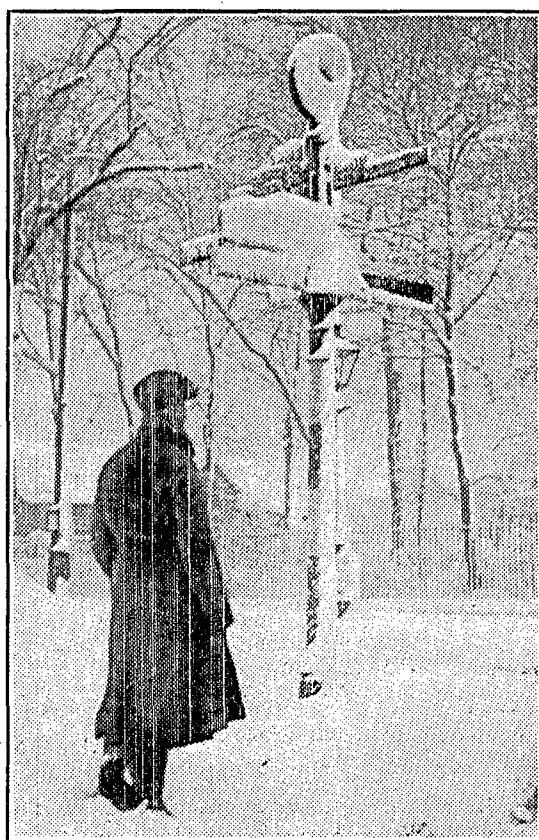
HOCKEY AT SEA • ENGLISH ORANGES • MAKING SUMMER HATS



Hockey at Sea—The large deck of the battleship Nelson makes it possible for a modified form of hockey to be played. Here some of the officers are seen about to bully-off.



A Healthy Pastime—There are many London children who enjoy riding their ponies in Rotten Row under the care of grown-ups. In this picture we see some of them out for a canter.



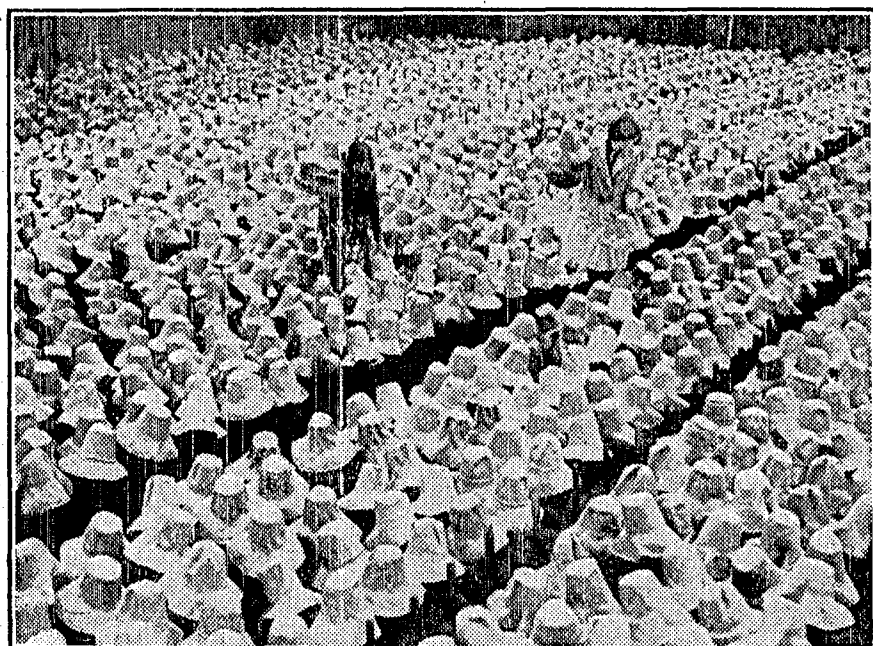
Winter Lingers—When snow came to the Birmingham district not long ago this signpost was temporarily put out of use by being covered.



English Oranges—In a greenhouse at East Hoathly in Sussex a fine crop of oranges has just been gathered. The twenty-year-old tree in this picture yielded a crop of fifty.



A Young Scholar—Here a little six-year-old Japanese boy in Tokyo is showing how cleverly he can write the intricate characters of his native language.



Preparing For Summer—This remarkable photograph of thousands of hats was taken in the bleaching and drying fields of a factory at Luton, the town where the straw hats are made.



Lunch-Time Tennis—The tennis players of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a quiet oasis in the busy heart of London, always attract an interested group of onlookers during lunch-time.

THE STAGE BOY A PLAY RECALLING SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

**Crisis That Might Have Changed
the Course of English Drama**

MASTERPIECES SAVED

After 321 years a company of Boy Actors has given a theatrical performance in the City of London before the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

They are called the Boy Players of the City of London, they have Mr. Arthur Poyser as Master, and are said to be the direct professional descendants of the Boy Actors of Shakespeare's day.

What a medley of memories that statement revives for those familiar with the history of our national drama! Without boy actors we could hardly have had the plays of Shakespeare; through their extreme success we narrowly escaped losing the greatest of his works. There came a time when the genius of Shakespeare was pitted against the art of the boys, and all was staked on the fortunes of a single play.

Pleasing the Public Too Well

In Shakespeare's day women were not allowed on the stage; no woman appeared in a play until the time of Charles the Second. Therefore all the parts written for women were written with the dramatic capacity of some two or three boys in the poet's mind.

We know, from the number of women who appear at one time in a scene, how many competent boy actors were available for Shakespeare.

So far, then, we owe our thanks to boys for their silvery treble and their genius for throwing themselves heart and mind into dramatic and moving situations. On the other hand, the boys pleased the public too well and threatened the fortunes and very livelihood of their seniors.

Companies of boy actors were established, and these alone had the right to play in theatres within the City boundaries. They drew all the town, as we say, at a time when theatre audiences were not sufficient to fill several theatres at the same time. The other companies were neglected and threatened with starvation.

Shakespeare's Challenge

Shakespeare suffered with the rest; and his fortunes were so endangered that in Hamlet he drew public attention to the peril, and showed that adult actors were compelled to leave London to the child actors. Hamlet was really his challenge to the new conditions. Had that play failed, he would probably have ceased to write for the stage, and nine of his masterpieces, including Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, and Antony and Cleopatra, would never have been composed.

The majestic genius of the play was too great for even the counter-attractions of the boy actors. The day was won for the adult actor; the intelligent public turned again to the legitimate stage, and the boy actors, daring to present a play which poked fun at James the First, were disbanded, to reappear no more until today.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

We have seen copies of petitions sent to the Prime Minister by the National Council for the Prevention of War and by a hundred members of Parliament expressing anxiety for the success of the Naval Conference; and Mr. Stimson has received an important appeal signed by 1200 influential Americans.

All these petitions are evidence of the deep feeling in the English-speaking world that the Conference must succeed at all cost in carrying out the purpose for which it was brought together.

LITTLE LAMB, WHO MADE THEE?

Spring is here, and our pastures are white with lambs—big, growing lambs in the South; smaller, younger lambs in the North, where the season advances more slowly.

Much has been written of this year's flocks, their promise in wool and meat; but the romantic charm of the little creature stirs memories of other things.

William Blake was not the first whose mastery of sweet simplicity of language gave us a picture of the lamb as the symbol of innocence and delight. Shakespeare takes the lamb as a symbol in his plays nearly fifty times, and we know that he, as a Warwickshire lad, had first-hand knowledge of the ways of lambs. Still, we know that he, with all his mastery of the facts of Nature, did not disdain a description, current in the literature of his day, of lambs which had daily to face the risk of an encounter with wolves.

A Picture From the Past

There are many lambs gambolling in the poetry of Wordsworth, but none to compare for engaging charm with one picture in words with which Shakespeare was familiar. Here it is, in the quaint English which was common to the age of our master poet.

Among all the beasts of the field the lamb is most innocent, soft, and mild; for he nothing grieveth neither hurteth nor with teeth nor with horn nor with claws. The lamb hoppeth and leapeth before the flock, and playeth and dreadeth full sore when he seeth the wolf, and fleeth suddenly away; but anon he is astonished with dread and dare flee no farther.

He prayeth to be spared when he is taken of his enemy. Also, whether he be led to pasture or to death, he grudgeth not, nor pranceth not, but is obedient and meek. It is peril to leave lambs alone, for they die soon if there fall any strong thunder, for the lamb hath kindly a feeble head.

That is beautiful language, an English of simplicity which can never be written again, but which, once written, gives delight to the readers of all later ages.

Spring is here and the pastures are white with lambs, and it may serve to stimulate our minds as we watch these merry innocents to recall that sights such as we now see in every field have inspired song and vision in the greatest writers of five thousand years.

FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN

Little Packets of Sweets that Sent the Tears Away

Hundreds of prosperous young people all over the world will grieve because Mrs. Elsie Hodson Smith is dead. She was foster-mother-in-chief to the enormous family of the National Children's Home and Orphanage.

There is a doctor somewhere, and a rich farmer somewhere else, who first met Mrs. Hodson Smith as they stood, ragged and hungry, before a committee. They liked her at once because it was her custom to give sweets to the children who came to be interviewed. That cheered them up immensely: after all, they thought, an orphanage might not be such a dreadful place.

They found that it was like home, except that there was enough to eat and everyone had a bed to himself. They joined little groups living in small houses round a green, and each group had its own mother, chosen for her love of children, but Mrs. Hodson Smith was mother-in-chief.

For 18 years her husband has been principal of the Homes, and together they have worked unsparingly for the children who came to them from slum or workhouse.

A CALAMITY FOR AUSTRALIA

The Tragic Loss of Brailsford Robertson

We gather from Australian newspapers that the loss of our friend Professor Brailsford Robertson has been regarded throughout the Commonwealth as a tragic event.

He was in the zenith of his powers and in the midst of work of profound importance to the agricultural interests of Australia; and the sudden ending of his work has been described as a world-wide calamity.

It is a long time since Professor Loeb, under whom Brailsford Robertson worked in America, predicted that he would one day become as famous as Lord Kelvin.

That was not to happen, but in the years since the war Professor Robertson had established himself so firmly in the intellectual scientific life of Australia that the Commonwealth Government has sent this message to his widow and children: "Please accept the deepest sympathy of the Government in your

How to Stop War in a Week

It is a simple matter to reason what would happen if a country were not allowed to have minerals.

It would be exactly in the position of the road hog who is not allowed to have any more petrol. If a country wishing to go to war was refused minerals it could not go to war.

Take the case of Italy, whose mechanical industries are so well developed. If Mussolini, in a moment of enthusiasm, went to war on a Friday, he would discover before the following Friday that he had nothing to fight with.

I could give a list of countries that could not go on fighting for more than a week.

Sir Thomas Holland

sad bereavement. If it is any consolation to you to know, we regard the professor's untimely end as a national calamity. He has left behind him a wonderful record of scientific research, which will inspire those who follow and remain indelibly imprinted upon Australia's record of progress."

The Chancellor of the University in which Brailsford Robertson was a graduate, and in which he rose to hold a chair, has told us that not long ago the professor said: "Two more years and I will have solved the problem I have worked at all my life."

He has passed on into the Universe with the problem still unsolved, but his work goes on, and in due course will reach its conclusion.

Brailsford Robertson was one of Australia's great originals; his life enriched the Commonwealth. It was his very enthusiasm that struck him down, for he would insist on attending to his work when he should have been attending to his health. Once more a man's great love of the world has been too much for him, and the world has lost a life it ill could spare.

Baked Apples in Tins

A big firm in America has just started packing baked apples in tins, the latest addition to tinned foodstuffs.

10,000 Books

The enterprising Bethnal Green Library has completed an excellent catalogue of the ten thousand books on the children's shelves, which can be had by post from the librarian, price 1d.

LET US BE KIND The Lords and the Wild Animals

STUPID TRICKS FOR STUPID PEOPLE

By 34 votes to 12 the House of Lords decided to be kind to performing animals.

The Bill which Lord Danesfort introduced to the Peers was one which sought to prohibit the appearance of performing wild animals, such as the big apes, lions, tigers, leopards, and the other great animals of the cat tribe.

The reason is plain. These animals cannot be got ready to perform except by training which is cruel to them. A lion can be trained by kindness, but it takes a long time. Trainers with their living to earn have not the time to spare.

The Peers listened to this plea and voted by a majority for the Bill, and we congratulate them on their humanity and good sense. To humane people nothing is more distasteful than the sight of these fine animals made to perform stupid tricks to please a lot of stupid people.

DANCING PRISONERS

What Would Bunyan Say?

News comes from Bedford that Lord Amptill's daughter has been teaching prisoners to dance.

What are we to think of that? Many people will think it wrong. Prison is a place of punishment not amusement, they will say; and they will imagine the gaol turned into a ballroom filled with fox-trotting malefactors.

John Bunyan, Bedford's most famous prisoner, would certainly have poured scorn on that.

But it is folk-dancing, not ballroom dancing, that the baron's daughter is teaching the convicts, and this makes all the difference in the world.

Folk-dancing is popular with young people today because it calls for head-work as well as footwork. It is something more than a joyous drill: it calls for quickness of mind and a good memory. Any fool can shamble round a room to jazz, but the elaborate patterns of the folk-dance force a man to think.

Once a prisoner starts to use his head he will surely begin to reform. There is nothing more stupid than law-breaking in a civilised land.

Directly a man begins to think he must see that badness is madness.

Let us hope that men who have sinned themselves into disgrace will dance themselves out of it.

A BRAVE DOCTOR HAS DIED

A pioneer and hero has died in Edinburgh. He was Dr. John Spence, who was awarded a medallion and annuity by the Carnegie Fund Trustees for his valiant work.

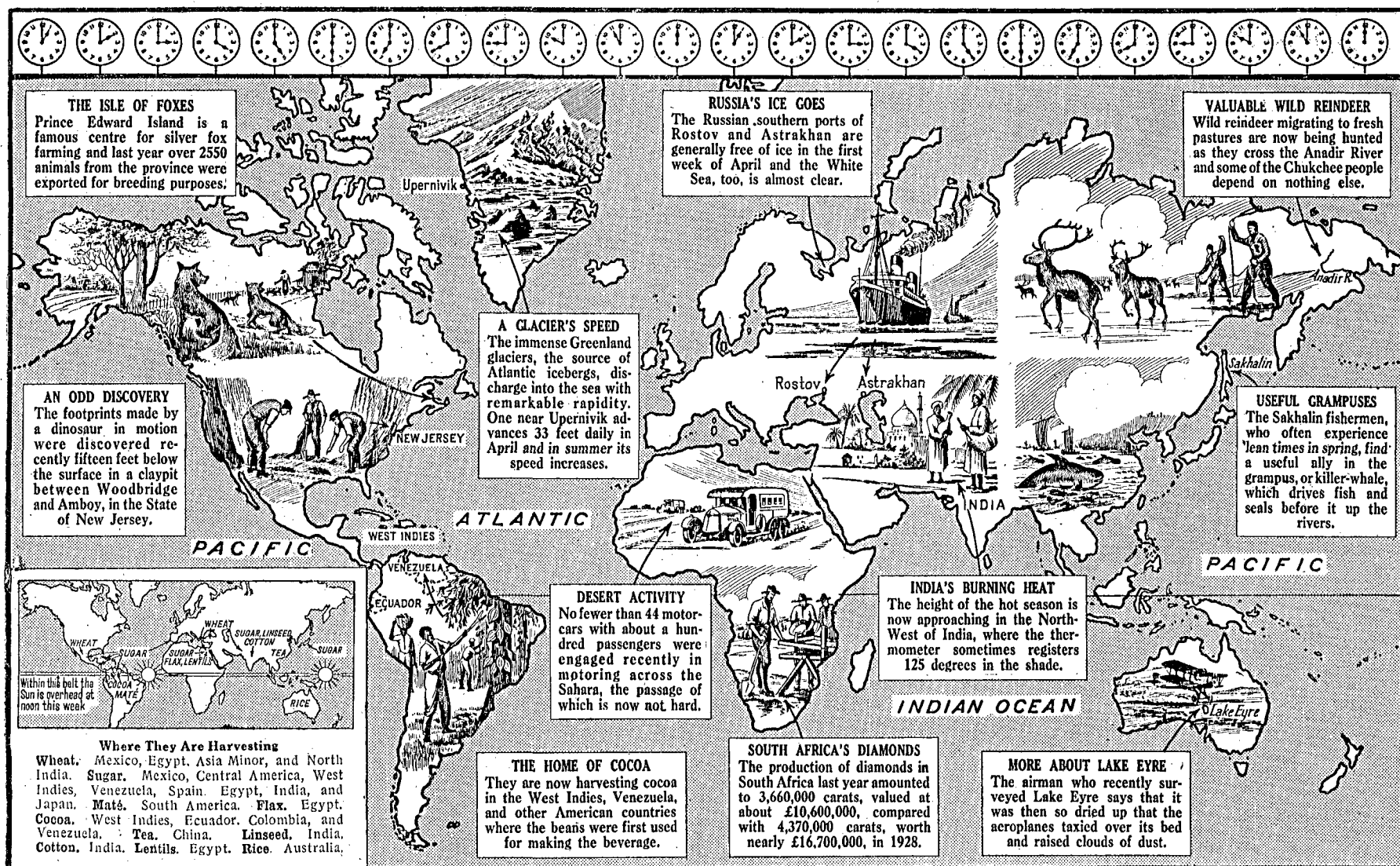
In 1897 he began to investigate the powers of the X-ray with Wilhelm Röntgen, and he had been engaged in research and treatment ever since. He lost his right arm and the greater part of his left hand as a result of his work, for the mysterious rays wound as well as heal. Dr. Spence paid the price gladly because he was able to cure many people of bone diseases. He was happy to think that children were made straight and sound through the knowledge gained at his expense.

He knew what the end would be. After losing a limb a less resolute man might have stopped.

But he went on, sacrificing himself that others might be saved.

Now he has died at 58, bequeathing the fruits of his labour and suffering to the doctors who will come after him.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE LITTLE BLUE DOG Age-Old Treasures Dug Up in Carlisle

He lived in the suburbs of Stanwix Fort when Hadrian was building a wall across Britain. Or perhaps the wall was built already, but at any rate it was new then, as new as talking pictures are today.

He was a bronze worker, and some calamity seems to have overwhelmed his shop, because men digging in King's Meadow, Carlisle, have come upon a store of trinkets in bronze.

There are a brooch in the shape of a running dog enamelled in blue, a very fine pair of trumpet brooches on a chain, rings, hairpins, and a cavalryman's identity disc.

If sewage works had not been started in that meadow the little blue dog might have run on for ever under the ground, with no one to admire him. He must have found seventeen centuries of it dull work—unless, that is, he could smell rabbits.

TELEVISION

There is to be an Exhibition of Television in London on April 9.

It is being held by the Television Society and will enable people to see how far television has got.

The first television set sold by the Baird Company was bought the other day by a London technical paper and fitted up in the office, and some clear pictures of people's faces have been seen broadcast at night. It will be possible before long to buy these sets, so that it really looks as though television were at last coming within reach of wireless amateurs.

It may be a long time before difficult subjects such as a theatre scene or the Boat Race can be seen, but it must be remembered that it is only 23 years ago since the vaguest head and shoulders could be transmitted.

COTTON FROCKS Help for the Lancashire Cotton Spinners

The Mayoress of Blackpool is organising a new patriotic movement. Every woman is being asked to buy three new cotton frocks this year.

Seldom has a patriotic call been pleasanter to obey. The more cotton frocks seen on the sands this summer the fewer Lancashire cotton spinners will be out of work.

This campaign to help cotton spinners carries our thoughts back to an old campaign to help the wool spinners. In 1679 an Act of Parliament was passed which made it illegal to bury anyone whose shroud was not of wool!

A NEW FIRE FIGHTER

A wonderful motor-vehicle has been built for the London Fire Brigade to help in fighting fires at night.

It is a powerful van equipped with a big electric plant and three powerful searchlights, or flood lamps. Fires often have to be fought in out-of-the-way places where there is no light and the firemen have great difficulty in their work. The flood lamps may be turned in any direction and the whole of the building brilliantly illuminated, and dark roadways and alleys lighted, so that hydrants may be found and the firemen able to see their way clearly.

AN ELECTRIC EAR

Members of the Franklin Institute saw the other day a new kind of electric ear, which enables deaf people to understand a spoken language and to catch inflections of spoken words.

It is a little instrument which fits in the waistcoat pocket and uses the sensitiveness of the finger-tips for the membranes of the ear. The deaf person fits his finger-tips into depressions in the instrument, and the sounds he cannot hear with the ear are transmitted to the brain by touch.

THE DOG THAT SAVED THE PARTY

An Eskimo dog is one of the honoured members of the Antarctic expedition of Admiral Byrd. It was the saviour of a sledge party.

The sledge party drawn by a dog team struck out 200 miles south over the ice, marking the outward trail by flags.

But a blizzard obliterated the flags and the trail, and though the party had compasses their hopes of getting back quickly to their base depended on the Eskimo leader of the dog team.

His sagacity and endurance did not fail. The track was plain to his nose though invisible to human senses, and without guidance he brought the party back safe and sound to the base.

JUST IN TIME FOR THE BUDGET

Dolgelley in Wales was one of the places where the most ancient Welsh kings found all the gold they ever knew. Gold is still there.

It has been known for centuries, and till quite recently Welsh gold amounted in value to some thousands of pounds a year. Dolgelley Rural Council is anxious that the Government should reopen the old workings.

Mr. Cadwaladr Roberts believes that there is enough gold in the district to wipe off the National Debt. There might be, and if it could be got out in time, without costing more than the National Debt for labour, it would rejoice the heart of Mr. Philip Snowden as he prepares his Budget.

But alas for the dreams that do not come true!

PATHETIC

It is pathetic to see how often the exodus of those who find life in town no longer tolerable destroys those very rural amenities they go forth to seek.

Mr. Raymond Unwin

COWPER IN THE NEWS Protecting Poor Bunny

While the House of Commons was considering the cause of justice to the poor rabbit Mr. Isaac Foot, the Liberal member for Bodmin, said the poet William Cowper, if he were alive, would have been one of those to back the Bill. He would, we are sure.

By a strange coincidence, the next speaker to support the Bill, which aims to protect captive rabbits from being coursed and killed by dogs, was a great-nephew of the poet.

Colonel Ashley said that his great-uncle William Cowper was a warm supporter of the protection of animals, and started an institution to promote kindness to them.

Another reason was that no true sportsman would wish to chase, hunt, or shoot any animal that was being held in captivity and was just let out for the purpose of exercise of skill in marksmanship or in riding or hunting.

Sportsman is a term much abused, but Colonel Ashley has the right idea.

THREE DEAR SISTERS

Many people were saddened when they heard of the death of Miss Emily Ford, the youngest of the three Misses Ford who for more than fifty years had done good and kindly work in Yorkshire and London.

Once they all lived together at Adel Grange near Leeds, and the mill girls of the town, for whom they ran a sewing school which was like a club, thought them the kindest ladies in the land.

Time and chance broke up the old home. Miss Bessie Ford devoted herself to music, Miss Isabella to writing, and Miss Emily to fresco painting at a studio in Chelsea. In London, as in Leeds, they left a memory of kindness and unselfishness behind them, and many people, rich as well as poor, feel poorer now that Emily Ford has gone.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 5

1930

A Word For Mother

Last Sunday was Mothering Sunday.

THERE is an impressive statue above the sea of traffic in the Strand, Thornycroft's monument of Gladstone. Round the central figure are four groups, representing Courage, Brotherhood, Aspiration, and Faith.

The group standing for Courage is not Hercules, not Saint George killing the dragon; it is a woman defending her child. In her hand is a sword uplifted in the act of striking off the head of a snake about to attack the child. The sculptor evidently thought there could be no courage greater than such a mother's, and in that he showed rare insight. Physically frail she may be, yet at the same time amazingly brave.

For courage is not the monopoly of the strong and iron-nerved. In its highest form it is found perhaps only where there is a fine sensitiveness. Man may be physically stronger than woman, but it can hardly be claimed that he is braver. If one went out to seek for heroism in the modern world would he not find it at its highest among mothers? The epic of our homes is a more wonderful and moving story than the epic of the battlefield. The bravest soldier could never hope to exceed the courage, sacrifice, and endurance found in hundreds of small homes. Nor could any pen ever hope to unfold that epic.

In the defence of her child a mother is capable of the most amazing courage and endurance. Let the child's life be threatened and motherhood can rise to supreme heights in facing and in fighting the terror. The spectacle is not of rare occurrence; it occurs daily. Like true soldiers, mothers are ever on call.

In some homes the terror is ever present. There is some poor, maimed life in the midst that requires incessant and peculiar care. There is no escape, no respite. Numbers of mothers are bearing such a cross with a most brave and uncomplaining spirit. They never try to put the cross on other shoulders. They regard it as their own burden: heavy enough, God knows, yet love helps them to bear it.

No one has ever struck a medal for these brave soldiers. Perhaps no one ever will. Presentations would become embarrassingly frequent. Amid the most adverse circumstances one finds mothers engaged in the task of making a home. Not a few are making big sacrifices for the education of their children, determined that they shall have a better chance than their parents. Others have dedicated their children to some great cause, asking nothing for themselves if only the child may do service for God and man.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What He Could Do

THE great Lord Leverhulme sleeps among his people, amid the scene of his labours, at Port Sunlight.

We have just seen this story of him, and we give it because we like the answer two of the youngest girls at a Port Sunlight treat made to him when, sitting between them in a boat on the lake, he idly asked:

"What should I do if I lost all my money?"

"Come and live with us," was the warm reply, which surely must have cheered the old man's heart.



Naval Conference Fashion Note
It looks as though they will be worn a little shorter this summer

Youth

By Cur Town Girl

I am young! cried the Spring,
As she flew through the air;
I scatter my youth
For the whole world to share.

I am young, laughed the Summer,
Like a rose blooms my health;
And she counted her store
Of beauty and wealth.

I am young! called the Autumn,
And my heart never grieves;
Though the flowers are dying,
I still have my leaves.

I am old, whistled Winter,
But feel young for all that!
(And he made him a Snow Man
With pipe and top hat).

Nothing To Do

THERE is news from Lunesdale and Oxenholme. Mr. Heaton, the Master of the Stagounds there, has said farewell, with the pathetic words that when stag-hunting is gone England will be fit only for old women.

We love old ladies, and the nation has the right to be proud of them; we should not be surprised if Master Heaton is proud of his mother.

But what concerns us especially at the moment is the sad reflection that there is nothing to do in England but to torture stags. It seems a sorry state of things for the land of Francis Drake and Philip Sidney and Oliver Cromwell and Shakespeare to have come to. We beg Mr. Heaton to summon up all his forces and try to bear with us for a few years more.

Charles Kingsley and the Litter Lout

WE are grateful to an esteemed little reader in Essex for a reminder of Charles Kingsley's looking forward to the day

*When ever blue the skies shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God.*

Would it not be a good thing for the Litter Lout to remember, our correspondent asks? It certainly would, and we commend it to Litter Louts everywhere.

Tip-Cat

THE secret of success is to find out what people want. And to go and get it for yourself!

MEN bakers are being driven out by women. Not on pillions?

HARROW schoolboys eat about a ton of apples every term. And still cry En-core!

BOOKS, according to a bookseller, are the barometers of the nation's well-being. That is why everybody is reading them.

WOMAN's place is at home, says Mr. Ford. But what is a Ford for?

KEEPING lips red is said to cost £500,000 a year in Germany. Keeping lips clean would be worth much more.

THE modern servant does not know her place. She does not stay in it long enough.

THE latest aid to beauty is the foam bath. Produced, no doubt, by the permanent wave.

AEROPLANES are to be cheaper. But even if they all come down they will go up again.

One Still Strong Man

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone

For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Tennyson

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NOTTINGHAM is to remove all its war trophies from public places.

TREES are to be planted along the western lines by the State Railways of France.

Pussy Shall Not Mew Tonight

It is proposed to compel owners of farmstock in France to keep their beasts quiet after 10 p.m.

Pussy shall not mew tonight,
Towser shall not bark,
Laws decree that beasts must be
Silent after dark.

If a bird should break the ban
It shall surely die,
Four-and-twenty nightingales
Sizzling in a pie.

Pussy shall not mew tonight;
Cocky shall not crow,
Gendarmes will arrest us all
If a cow should low.
Get some cobbler's wax and glue,
Rubber bands and string,
Fasten beak and muzzle up
Lest they bleat or sing.

Pussy shall not mew tonight;
Put her in a bag.
What are politicians for?
Save to irk and nag?
Must we soothe our herds all night
Though we work all day?
Can we please amend the Act
Statesmen shall not Bray?

A Story of Mother

WE say in another column on this page a word for Mother, and there comes to mind the tribute paid to his mother by Sir Henry Jones, who will long be remembered as the famous Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow University. His early home was a little Welsh village in Denbighshire. The times were hard. Money was scarce. The father's wages were never more than twenty shillings a week, and at times they sank to four.

Yet Sir Henry used to say that a happier household never was. They lacked nothing, so far as he could see, whether in wholesome food or comfortable clothing. Seven persons had their meals in a ten-foot kitchen.

When Sir Henry's second little sister was born there was no room for the cradle in the daytime on the crowded kitchen floor, so the cradle was put upstairs, a string was let down from it through a hole in the ceiling, and when Baby cried the mother bade one of the children pull the string. Sir Henry often said, when he had grown up, that he could hear the rick-rack of the cradle above his head whenever he sat down to listen to old memories.

Spring is Coming With Her Music

THE robin sings in winter,
The blackbird sings in rain.
A brave heart that is wounded
Will jest away its pain.

At sunrise crows the cockerel,
In daylight sings the lark,
But nightingale's a brave bird
And singeth through the dark.

A LIGHT song is the cuckoo's
When April skies are warm,
A brave song is the sea-gull's,
Who laughs above the storm.

O HEART of mine, be merry
With Cuckoo in the Spring,
But learn the grander music
That only heroes sing. Country Club

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a rich man
has great will
power

WORDSWORTH IN THE NEWS

AN OLD DEBT STILL UNPAID

The Poet's Sad Sonnets and Letters to His American Friends

HOPE LONG DEFERRED

It was odd to find Wordsworth and Cowper in the political columns of the grown-up papers the other day.

Wordsworth came into the news of the debts of the Southern States, which have lately been debated in the House of Lords; Cowper came into a debate in the House of Commons which we deal with in another column.

Here we wish to point out the curious circumstance that Wordsworth and his family were among the sufferers from the refusal of eight American States to pay their public debts. There are letters in existence in which the poet declares that both his own family and his friends have suffered losses they could not afford to bear.

Patience and Hope

In one of these letters to an American friend, who was helping him to recover his losses in the State of Mississippi, Wordsworth wrote:

Nothing remains for the suffering parties but patience and hope. All that you both say respecting the depth and extent of the indignation excited in your country by this shameless dishonesty we most readily believe; and upon that belief we rest our hopes that justice will be done. But, in matters like this, time is of infinite importance, and it is to be feared that the two individuals for whose comfort payment is of the most consequence may both be in their graves before it comes.

Let but taxes, to amount however small, once be imposed exclusively for discharging these obligations, and that measure would be hailed as the dawn of a coming day; but until that is effected the most sanguine must be subjected to fits of despondency.

Feeling very strongly on the subject the poet wrote two sonnets calling attention to the grave principle involved by the refusal to pay a public debt. One of them was this, addressed to the Pennsylvanians:

Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your troth!
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his
name

Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate men
For State-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

Leaves of Dire Portent

The other sonnet is called Men of the Western World:

Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British ancestors forsook
Their native land for outrage provident;
From unsubmitive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

Many tides have ebbd and flowed on both Atlantic shores since Wordsworth wrote these poems, but the debts remain unpaid. In a note to one of these sonnets Wordsworth expressed the hope "that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain on their name and nation," but the world still waits for that noble gesture from the State of Mississippi which broke faith with him so long ago.

THE GOD IN THE CAR Shall All Things Bow Down to Him?

Is it not time that some weighty protest was made against the assumption that the greatest thing in the world today is to save the time of a motor-car?

We have been looking at a picture of a lovely country lane in Surrey where we are told that the demands of the motor-car call for the cutting down of a hundred trees. The other day we were discussing in Whitehall the question of the spoiling of a valley in Kent by the making of a new road. We pointed out that a road existed a little farther on, and the answer was that "that would be farther round."

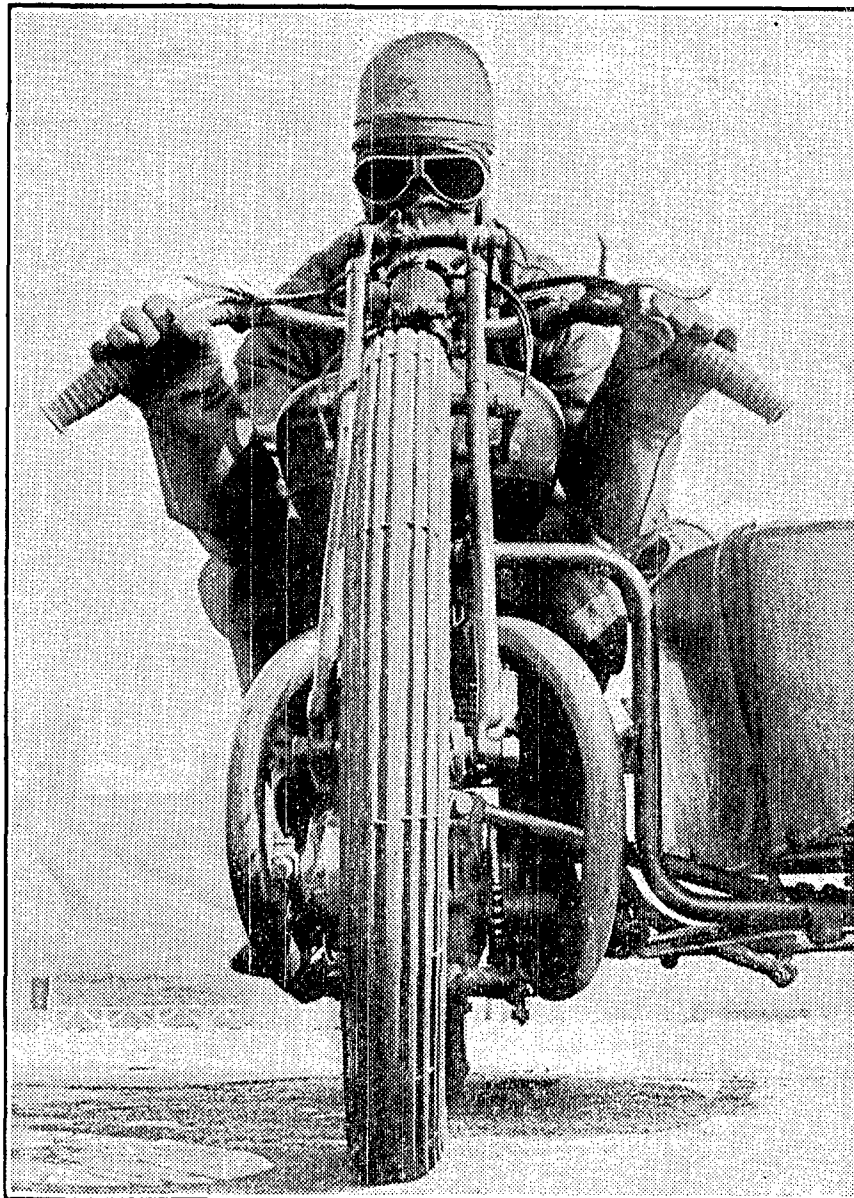
Are all our lanes and all our valleys to be destroyed to save a car going a little farther round?

Is the speed of a car the beginning and the end of all things?

The C.N. puts its deliberate conviction on record that it is better a thousand times that a motor-car should be compelled to slow down in places, or to go round here and there, than that winding lanes should be straightened for it and trees cut down.

If beauty is nothing to the road-hog, is it not altogether a good thing to keep him awhile in a beautiful place where wisdom may be found?

THE HORROR OF THE SPEED AGE



Must all things bow down to the god of speed? The beauty and dignity of the human form at least is here bowed down at Brooklands.

THEIR TASK ACCOMPLISHED

FOUR great men of our time passed by just before the winter gave way to spring: Lord Balfour, the last of Queen Victoria's statesmen; General Primo de Rivera, for six years Dictator of Spain; Edward Clodd, one of the old strong Liberals of the last century; and Dr. Henry Faulds.

All but one of these, the Spanish Dictator, were past the age of 80.

Edward Clodd was nearly ninety, and, though the work he did in expounding science and philosophy to a past generation is partly forgotten, there are still many friends who keep the memory of his shrewdness, kindness, and humour. All the best men of his Victorian day knew and respected him.

Dr. Henry Faulds, who died at the age

of 86, was to the day of his death a friend and reader of the C.N., which a few years ago recalled the fact that it was this Englishman who gave to the world the idea of identifying people by means of their finger-prints.

The idea was older than Dr. Faulds, for something of the kind suggested itself to Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, seventy years ago. But Sir William thought of men's hands as a means of identification.

Dr. Henry Faulds, while surgeon superintendent of a hospital in Tokyo, first proposed in our scientific journal Nature to use finger-prints for this purpose. He was the real author of the system now used all over the world.

SWIFTEST THING ON FOUR LEGS

LONDON HAS A NEW CHEETAH

A Glance at Speeds on Earth and in the Sky

SNAILS AND PLANETS

The London Zoo has a new cheetah, a gift from one who had it as a pet.

The animal retains its friendliness of nature, and as it is led about the Gardens it responds to greetings from human visitors by rubbing its head against them and purring.

That purring is an interesting feature of the way of cheetahs. All members of the cat family—lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, jaguars—purr when they are pleased; but the cheetah is not a true cat. It is not exactly a cat, and it certainly is not a dog; it comes midway between the two groups.

All the members of the cat family can thrust out and draw in their claws; but the claws of the cheetah are almost immovable, and therefore more like those of the dog tribe, which can neither be protruded nor withdrawn. If the cheetah had been evolved by domestic breeding we should call it a hybrid or a mongrel, but Nature has blended its qualities on her own account.

Concentrated Energy

Seeing this graceful, long-legged, leopard-like animal, who would dream that it is the swiftest creature that runs on four legs?

For a quarter of a mile or so the cheetah can overtake and capture the next swiftest thing to itself. Its energy is so concentrated as to seem quite explosive when called into action, and it overhauls a mighty deer just as a human sprint-runner overtakes the man whose best distance is to be measured in miles.

From the snail to the cheetah, what a range of speeds is provided! To a snail a tortoise must seem a very reckless, galloping fellow, charging through life at a dizzy speed. To an elephant a tortoise must seem a slow-motion picture come to life, while the elephant to the gazelle is as a cyclone to a summer gale.

That is a little lesson in relativity which the human eye may perceive. There are contrasts in speed, however, which the scientist alone has the power to manifest to us. The newly-discovered planet is sailing round the Sun in a year of its own which is the equal of 300 earthly years.

The Speed of Wireless

We are not conscious of motion about us, but the molecules which compose our air are travelling at the rate of 500 yards a second; the sounds we utter with our voices travel 1100 feet a second, but while sound and air-molecules are covering their allotted journeys of feet and yards a second, the Earth is travelling round the Sun at 20 miles a second.

Between one tick of a grandfather clock and the next tick our planet has moved twenty miles through space, but in that short measure of time a wireless signal carrying a human voice or the harmonies of an orchestra has been five times round the Earth, and reached 70 miles up into the air and back again in a succession of leaps which make those accomplished in the Seven League boots seem but as the hop of a grasshopper.

So the difference between the pace of snail and cheetah, great as it seems to us, is quite in harmony with those to be observed in physics by the instruments of science.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer

GOOD THINGS DONE

THE CRUSADE FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE

Victories Won by the Power of Public Opinion

WHY WE MUST CARRY ON

Spring is throwing its glow across our Countryside, the loveliest natural sight in all the Earth.

Those who are fighting to save it from ugliness, from the folly of those who would destroy it from greed or ignorance or indifference, may take heart, for there is growing everywhere a feeling that something must be done to save us from our vandals. We have thought out one or two good things worth noting which mark the influence of public opinion in this direction, and there are hundreds of others which will be within the knowledge of C.N. readers in all parts.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE COMPANY has given all its signs a background of green instead of yellow, with black letters in white outline. The company has also undertaken to submit all new outdoor advertisements to the Scapa Society.

IN the last three years 67 signs or hoardings have been removed by order of the Surrey County Council.

WESTMINSTER CITY COUNCIL put 24 litter baskets on lamp posts and 50 litter notices on hand trucks. The Council has also divided its ballast bins into two compartments, one for litter. The policy has succeeded so well that the litter baskets have been increased.

THE Ministry of Transport has instructed its contractors to avoid cutting trees wherever they can be saved and to preserve every beautiful aspect of a road.

A CLAUSE has been put into an Act of Parliament enabling local authorities to control petrol stations, limiting their number and prohibiting vulgar advertising on them.

THE National Trust has had its best year on record.

IN one year five hundred cases have been brought against Litter Louts in the London parks.

SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL has a bye-law enabling it to refuse permission for road signs, and advertisers find it expedient to consult the Council on these matters.

THE L.M.S. has agreed to paint its bridges green in parts of Derbyshire, in response to a request from the Rural Community Council.

THE Custodian of the Crown Parks in London has removed all public notices fixed on trees.

THE Post Office has used bright green insulators for the telephone wires in the New Forest to harmonise with the scenery.

SOME gasometers in Devon have been painted green, a very great improvement to the landscape.

THE London General is making renewed efforts to deal with the ticket litter problem, accepting the slogan for passengers to drop their tickets in the bus.

THE Royal Society of Arts has bought the Buckinghamshire village of West Wycombe to preserve it as an example of what a village should be.

IN Merionethshire the County Council has adopted a bye-law against ugly advertisements, and the police have

THE COURAGE SOME

CHILDREN NEED

A Chapter of Life in British Columbia

In the safety of our favoured homelands we are apt to think of adventures with really wild animals as only "stories," so far as white folks like ourselves are concerned. But here is the story of a really true adventure from the mother of a family which reads the C.N. in the north part of British Columbia.

Our children here (she says) learn to be brave through trials. Here is one little incident. My little girl went out at sundown to bring in the cows, but she failed to locate the cow-bell. While returning through a thickly wooded gully she was faced by an old bear and two cubs.

She was armed, but she hastily climbed a small poplar as high as she could. The bear, finding the tree too thin for it to climb, patrolled the spot underneath. Meantime Florrie repeatedly fired until she attracted the attention of her brothers on the farm, and they rushed to her rescue, firing a rifle at the bear, which then shuffled off, only getting a mark on the ear, as they found later when they trapped it.

My girl was glad to climb down and hurry home to supper, and when we told her she had been brave she said: "Yes, we have to have courage and hang on, else we shouldn't live to tell the tale."

Continued from the previous column

been very successful in persuading advertisers to remove ugly things.

IN Rugby local papers have been ordered to remove their announcement boards from public places.

WARWICKSHIRE has adopted a bye-law making it an offence to put show-boards on public footways.

THE Electricity Commissioners are consulting public opinion in every way in setting up electric pylons.

THE Underground Railways have handsomely responded to a suggestion to remove the ugliness of a roof seen through the Merchant Marine War Memorial on Tower Hill.

THERE have been many prosecutions all over the country for leaving papers in parks and throwing rubbish in the streets.

THERE has been an increasing evidence of the desire of public authorities to plant trees along the roads; Bermondsey has only two roads in the whole borough without trees.

ALL the fine new buildings are being built so that electric signs do not deface them.

SUCH a public opinion has been created that it will never again be possible for a chairman of a Parliamentary Committee to say, as such a chairman said to the Mayor of Hastings, that "we could not bother about medieval buildings."

IN 55 counties in England and Wales any citizen may start proceedings against ugly advertisement hoardings.

BIRMINGHAM has a bye-law forbidding any person to throw down a paper in the street; Cambridge forbids any person to deposit any advertising placard in any public place, or to throw orange peel or banana skin down.

THE firm of J. C. Eno has instructed its advertising department to place no signs or advertisements where they spoil their surroundings.

THE Dominion Motor Spirit Company has yielded to public opinion and removed two offending signs near Cambridge.

THE Leicestershire A.A. has resolved to patronise only pleasant petrol stations.

THE FILM MADE BY AN ENGLISH SCHOOL

Sibford Ferris is one of those few English villages of our English countryside that have not changed greatly.

Its thatched cottages peep across rich gardens and round stalwart old trees and seem to sleep in the contentment of ages undisturbed. It has no cinema, no garage, no supply of gas, electricity, or water. Even the road by which you reach Sibford from Banbury has escaped "improvements" and ambles over the hills in the gay and irresponsible manner of country roads in Oxfordshire.

Yet here it was that a remarkable film was made two summers ago; here that, last summer, the film was revised and a second edition produced; and here the staff and scholars of a Quaker boarding school frequently learn of its successful exhibition up and down the country.

An Exciting Experience

Sibford was made with all the thoroughness and ambition of any production of Hollywood or Elstree. It takes an hour and a quarter to screen, has proper sub-titles, and incorporates several interesting examples of trick photography. While the work of production was very arduous, the making of the film was an exciting experience for the boys and girls of the school for many weeks.

The film tells the story of the Quaker school at Sibford Ferris and its amazing transition from the quaint customs and strict mode of life a hundred years ago to the active life and broadminded outlook of today; the beauty of the country recurring like a magic note in a musical symphony.

The producer was a Sibford master, the scenario writer an Old Scholar, the cameraman a member of a great Quaker family closely associated with the school, and the players were the staff and scholars. Dresses were obtained, scenes rehearsed, and the preliminaries even included the construction of a classroom. This was made of wood and canvas by some of the boys and was set up in the sunlight on the playground. It is impossible to tell in the film that these scenes were not genuine interiors.

200 Pieces Fitted Together

The producer, like a professional, shot the scenes in the most convenient order. Later came the laborious task of cutting the film, pruning it, and sticking it together again in the sequence of the story. About 200 pieces had to be fitted together and the work occupied two men for a week of full working days during the school holidays. Hundreds of feet of film were scrapped during the editing process, until the final Sibford was 1700 feet long.

Sibford School is proud of its film and it has a right to be. Of course there are mistakes (such as the view of a telegraph pole and its wires in a scene of some Quakers driving by coach to Sibford in 1840), but the film has been favourably compared with professional films. Beyond all else, however, it is a permanent and picturesque record of the social changes of the past hundred years as reflected in the life of a Quaker school.

Pictures on page 9

21 MILLION TONS OF TRAFFIC

On 25,000 Miles of Road

London's streets have much to bear. The burden of the traffic on them yearly grows greater and greater.

Every day some 166,000 tons of vehicles—buses, lorries, vans, cars, and taxis—bear down on the roadway at Hyde Park Corner; and the weight is still going up. On the Bath Road near Chiswick the daily burden is now 50,000 tons a day, which is an increase of more than a third in three years, and it is still going up.

Taken together, the 25,000 miles of first-class roads in Great Britain bear an annual burden of 21 million tons.

ALL ENGLAND ON A CRYSTAL

B.B.C. ACHIEVEMENT

The Two Programmes and the Price We Pay for Them

FAREWELL SIMPLICITY

The B.B.C. has accomplished a new wonder by placing at the disposal of practically everyone in south-east England a choice of wireless programmes.

The system has now been in operation a month, and is for most people a great success, but for a minority it entails a difficulty of reception which the B.B.C. had foreseen.

Two programmes on different wave-lengths are sent out simultaneously from the new station at Brookman's Park, and undoubtedly the wave-lengths are too close together. The National Programme has been transferred from 2 L O with its 356 metres to a wave-length of 261 metres, while the London Regional works on the 356 wave-length.

The new scheme renders reception possible to thousands of crystal sets which were previously out of range; but important areas south of the Thames find themselves unable to receive 261 while at the same time the old wave-length is jammed by the new, so that neither programme comes in well.

Shortage of Wave-Lengths

Here the few have to suffer for the many. If there were more wave-lengths available for all the competing stations there would be no difficulty. The longer the wave-length the easier it is to receive wireless, but we have only one high wave-length, and the new programme has to find its way out on a wave-length lower down the scale. Now the shorter the wave-length the greater is its tendency to be absorbed and to arrive in very weak signal strength over certain areas. Thus, with 261 and 356 competing, we have absorption of the lower and difficulty in separating the two.

This applies to valve sets as well as to crystals. However, the position cannot be altered; wave-lengths are like telephone numbers, and only such as remain available can be allotted. The problem can be solved if listeners will follow the instructions the B.B.C. has issued. There have been thousands of complaints, and in South London and districts beyond chaos still prevails.

Difficulty Mastered

If listeners will provide good acrials of the right length, however, and see that their sets are made thoroughly selective, they will find that they can get both programmes successfully. A C.N. reader who lives in an area supposed to be quite hopeless has mastered the difficulty by attention to essentials, and finds the new arrangement no longer a handicap but a great enrichment of the pleasure of his family.

What has been done in one case can be done in all, and we all owe care and attention to the B.B.C. instructions, so that they may be justified in their boast that nearly everyone in England will be within crystal range of one of their programmes when the Regional System is complete.

NEW IRON FROM THE SCRAP HEAP

A new iron is being made, without a stain on its character.

Stainless steel has been some years before the public, but this stainless iron, which is a product of the Ford metallurgical laboratories, will find a place of its own.

It is said to be made very cheaply from scrap iron melted down, and as it is very ductile and not brittle it can be pressed into many useful shapes.

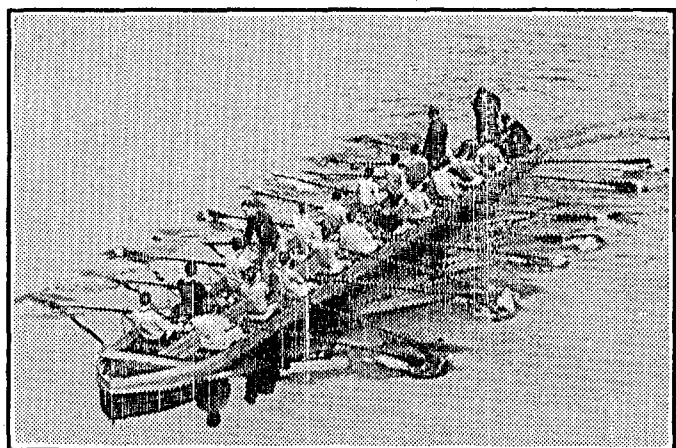
SPARK TWELVE FEET LONG • SPRING LAMBS • FILM MADE BY A SCHOOL



Spring Lambs—One of the greatest joys that springtime brings is the sight of lambs playing in the meadows. Here we see a Kent farmer and his family with ten little newcomers.



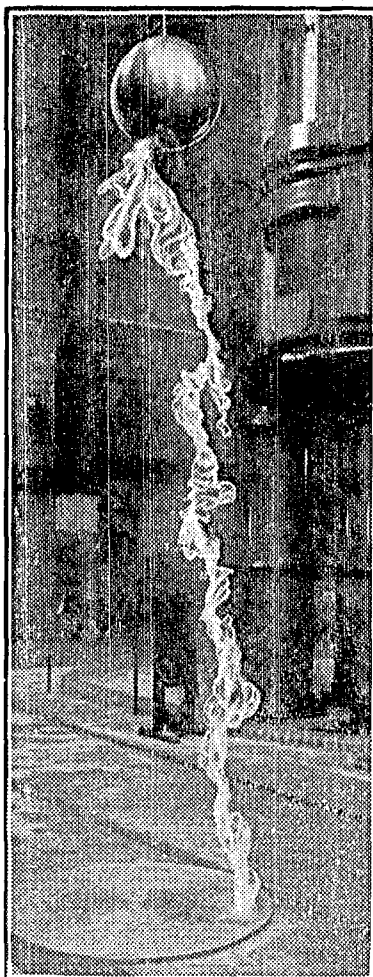
Children's Electric Boats—Who can imagine the delight these new electrically-driven boats will give London boys and girls? Our picture was taken on the Clapham Common lake.



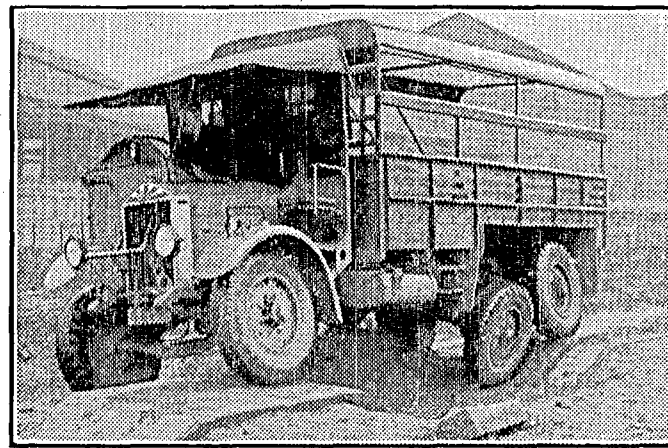
Learning to Row—On the Charles River, Massachusetts, the rowing men of Harvard University are coached in this curious barge, which seats twenty. By walking along the gangway the trainers are able to give close attention to any one of the oarsmen.



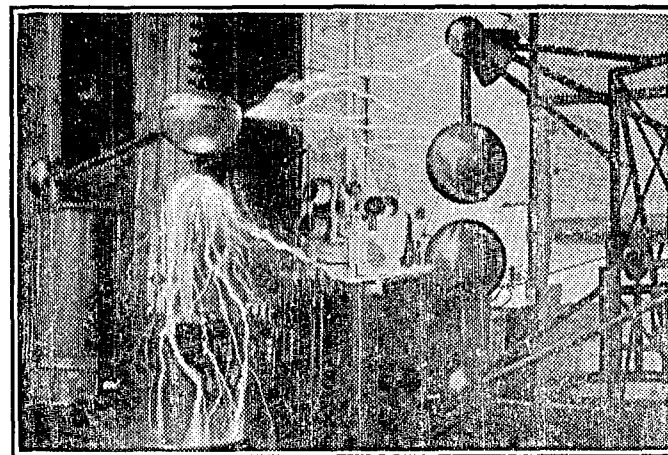
Between Meals—These two beautiful antelopes at the London Zoo have thrust their heads between the bars of their enclosure in the hope that some tit-bits will be given them by passing visitors.



Spark Twelve Feet Long—A wonderful new laboratory was declared open by Sir Ernest Rutherford the other day at the Trafford Park works of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company. In this laboratory, where these photographs were taken, electrical experiments involving voltages of more than a million take place. In the picture on the left a discharge of 970,000 volts is flashing across a twelve-foot gap.



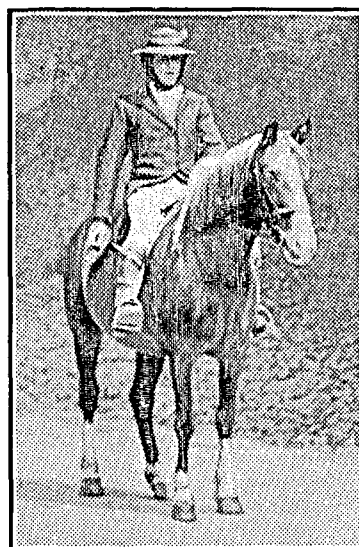
For Rough Roads—This lorry is not in trouble, as appears at first sight. Its six wheels adjust themselves to an uneven surface while the chassis remains level. It is one of a number built at Glasgow for the Indian Government. Here we see it being tested at the factory.



Yugo-Slavia has stained its name by erecting a monument to the murderer who started the Great War. Here his mother and sisters are at the unveiling.



School Makes a Film—The boys and masters of Sibford School, Oxfordshire, have enacted a splendid kinema film of the history of their school, as described on page 8. The boys even made scenery to represent a classroom. Here we see some of the actors in Quaker dress on the school lawn. The horseman on the right represents the first headmaster. The history of the school goes back more than a hundred years.



MARY GLADSTONE'S LETTERS

LITTLE PICTURES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

The Bright Young Things of Grandfather's Day

YOUNG MR. BALFOUR

There is now being published by Messrs. Methuen one of the most fascinating collections of letters that have appeared for many years, the letters of one of the daughters of Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Drew (the mother of that famous Dorothy Drew whose face was known everywhere from the picture of her sitting on Mr. Gladstone's knee).

They give us glimpses of men and women whose names the whole world knows, and some of the peeps come as a great surprise and sometimes as a shock. We will take a few of the pleasant things among them.

St. Crumpet

One day Mary Gladstone (as Mrs. Drew then was) sat out in the garden with Tennyson and his son Hallam. Hallam read Plato and broke down over the famous description of the death of Socrates. Mary Gladstone did not break down and Tennyson called her a hard little thing for not crying!

Ruskin came (St. Crumpet as Mary Gladstone called him), and she loved him. He spoke just as he wrote. "He has the most gentle and chivalrous manner and reminds me a good deal of Carlyle, the slow and soft stream of beautiful yet unaffected words, the sudden lighting up and splendid laugh."

We feel that Ruskin would not have disliked the C.N. as we read of this note of his talk at Hawarden fifty years ago.

He talked about sins and ugly things in the world all as mistakes or misprints, and utterly condemned the way in which they are dwelt upon and collected. "You can see the beauty of a rose without a nasty dripping fungus near it," when the need of contrast was urged as an argument. Said there should be newspapers "which only talked about nice people."

Ideal Beauty

But heaps of what Ruskin said seemed to Mary Gladstone "purely visionary and impractical; it is the ideal beauty of it which is so entrancing." She played to him a good deal and he talked to her with such reverence and perfect beauty of tone and language that he almost made her believe the ideal might become the real, and she "went off to bed in a glow."

One day Ruskin looked in at them at the doorway and said "What a lovely Gainsborough you would make," and noting it in her diary Mary Gladstone wrote: "Looking back upon it now as enrolled among the glories of the Past I think nothing could have been more entrancing and even ennobling. More than anyone else he seems to give one a glimpse of the King in His beauty, always revealing the loveliness of things, choosing the good, refusing the evil. You feel that he is a raising influence in your lives."

Bright Young Things of Long Ago

There were Bright Young Things in that long ago, and it is odd to read of the doings of, say, Lord Balfour in the days when he was young. This is a picture we have of him among his friends, nearly 60 years ago:

Up to Lord's by 11. Very dull. Harrow's first innings 130 and the second only 100; over about 2 o'clock, when the real business of the day began, a luncheon which we ate with the Balfours. A more uproarious meal I never yet assisted at.

Mr. Balfour had invited everybody he knocked up against right and left, till the party swelled to a gigantic size. Spencer and I were jammed up at the end, 10 others inside, 5 on the box, and others about the wheels and steps of the carriage. Our host was in mad

A KING AMONG DOGS

The Dive That Was Just in Time

On the icy waters of the St. Lawrence River in Canada, where its waters open out to the sea, a police dog has won new laurels for all the other dogs of its profession.

King was the police dog's handsome name, and he proved that handsome is as handsome does. He belonged to a member of the St. Lawrence boat crew and went with the boat on its voyage.

As the boat heeled over in a winter squall a man slipped and plunged overboard into the freezing water through the layer of ice on it.

By some long-inherited instinct the dog knew exactly what should be done, and without hesitating a moment went in after the man—who, as it happened, could not swim. King gripped the man's clothing in his strong teeth and came up with him to the surface.

The two were hauled aboard. King shook himself and thought no more about it. The man was some time before he recovered consciousness. But if anyone ever says a word about the fierceness of police dogs in that man's presence, or indeed when any of the crew are there to hear, the critic will hear something to his disadvantage.

TREASURE IN A FISH

A Story Without an Ending

Two fishermen of the Galapagos Islands recently had a remarkable experience.

While fishing off James Island they captured an enormous swordfish which on being cut up was found to contain a magnificent jewel-case. Quickly the fishermen forced it open, and inside, to their great delight, lay three pearl necklaces, two watches studded with diamonds and rubies, gold chains and bracelets, and an emerald pendant.

It would be interesting to know the history of it all. One theory is that it was the property of a lady who perished in a wreck, but the facts of the case may never be known.

Continued from the previous column

spirits, shouting choruses between acts, hatless, with a handkerchief round his head, hair flying all over the place.

A visit to the Balfours at Whittingehame soon followed and we read:

Drove at lightning speed to Whittingehame, 7 miles, and went straight in to dinner, where we found a big party. With stupendous and unheard-of energy we sang glees and Round about the starry throne (*how I need scarcely remark*), and at 11.45 started off on a walk to the garden, guided about in total darkness by the 4 brothers, pushed up hills, supported down precipices.

A few days later is this entry:

At 3 off in two open carriages to the seashore for a picnic, 7 miles off. The meal a triumphant success, especially the fire, and afterwards building a sand castle at which we all worked like ants. It was amusing to see the gravity and earnestness of them all over the designing of it, and their arguments about the fortifications.

One Sunday morning Mr. Balfour was down early to breakfast and they had music till church time, and then went for a stroll. After dinner Mr. Balfour "read prayers and we sung Abide With Me, I leading terrified and right down to any depth. Sung some hymns and at 10 we resumed our duets. Played all the Messiah right through, on the whole well, frantically excited in Why do the Heathen, and, dreadfully exhausted, finished with I Know That My Redeemer Liveth. Perfect. Went to bed saturated with sublime music."

Sixty years ago, and Lord Balfour was among us until the other day!

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Wordsworth's 80 Years

On April 7, 1770, William Wordsworth was born.

William Wordsworth, one of the English poets to whom the world accords a place among the great poets, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, just outside the Lake District, son of the agent for the Earl of Lonsdale, a great landowner in that region.

Nearly the whole of Wordsworth's life of 80 years (he died on April 23, 1850) was spent in the Lake District, and he it was who drew attention to it as one of the choicest and most varied tracts of scenery, beautiful and wild, on the Earth.



William Wordsworth

He and his friends Coleridge and Southey are called the Lake Poets; but it was Wordsworth, who added the charm of poetical vision to the charm of Westmorland scenery.

My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky. So was it when I was a boy.

Thus Wordsworth wrote when he was a man, and there is no doubt that, from his earliest years, he was what he calls a consecrated spirit. Like John Milton he lived in deep devotion to poetry as his sacred aim. He saw Nature as a manifestation of God. To him it had a life of its own which was interfused with the spirit of man. Most of the great poets have revelled in the many forms of beauty in the outdoor world, but in Wordsworth it was pre-eminent. He stands as the supreme poet of Nature.

His life was simple. As a boy he went to a little grammar school at Hawkshead in Westmorland, and then to Cambridge, with which are associated his three fine sonnets on King's College Chapel. Then he travelled on the Continent and was caught by the spirit of the French Revolution.

Good was it then to be alive, But to be young was very heaven.

But the excesses of the Revolution soon changed his mind, and he grew constantly more and more conservative. Forming a friendship with Southey and Coleridge, he lived for a time in Somersetshire. Afterwards he returned to the Lake District, where the other two poets went, Southey staying there permanently, like Wordsworth.

Turning-Point in English Verse

The poet's real life was spent in wandering about the Lake District and writing of the effects of Nature on his inmost being. He believed that poetry could be written with simplicity. The Lyrical Ballads, published in 1798 and written by himself and Coleridge, made a turning-point in modern English verse. His most ambitious poem, The Excursion, is in blank verse and contains some of his finest work. But he is best known by his shorter poems, such as his Odes on childish Intimations of Immortality and on Duty; his Tintern Abbey, Nutting, and such perfect lyrics as The Highland Girl.

All through his life his sister Dorothy was his beloved companion, before and after his marriage. He succeeded Robert Southey as poet-laureate, and was succeeded by Alfred Tennyson.

DOES BRISTOL WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL?

A pitiful example of the indifference of Bristol people to the beauty of their streets was the rejection by the ratepayers of the city's proposal to deal with advertisement posters.

It was proposed to introduce a clause into a Parliamentary Bill giving the local authorities power to deal with unsightly advertisements, but the ratepayers were so indifferent that the proposal was rejected on a poll, only one in five of the citizens voting.

AN ISLAND IN THE ZUYDER ZEE

Daughters of the Vikings

The Dutch are at work reclaiming the Zuyder Zee from the waves. One of our correspondents sends us these notes on a visit to a small island there.

It is like waking up in an old fairy tale come true to visit the little Dutch island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee.

There are various ways of reaching it. In the winter you can sail there in an ice-boat, which travels faster than a motor over the frozen waters. An artist and his wife skated all the way.

But we visited the island on a day when the full glory of a golden summer was flooding the Zuyder Zee with light, and we went in a boat. The first sight which met our eyes was a tiny Dutch maiden playing in a field alone, dressed as little girls are represented in pictures of the Stuart period.

A Picturesque Group

A gaily coloured, close-fitting cap with a front of fine lace covered her small head. Her bodice was straight, and, like the cap, very bright in colour and closely fitting. Her pretty black skirt, so full as to suggest a bell hoop, flung itself around her tiny feet as she trotted to and fro.

Her father had made her a primitive armchair out of a barrel sawn in half, and had painted it a green almost as bright as the grass.

Soon afterwards we met a group of the islanders, all dressed as their forefathers dressed 300 years ago. The women and girls have coarse hair of brightest gold which they wear in a long plait or ringlet on each side of the face. They look like the daughters of the Vikings, an impression strongly increased by their remarkable dress.

These people live by their fishing, and they keep very much to themselves. Their houses are built on raised piles to resist the invasion of the waters in the winter-time, and they are painted with very bright colours within and without.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nearly 700 pedal cyclists were killed on our roads in 1928.

It took a steeplejack nine days to clean the four faces of Big Ben.

Fifty thousand English people have applied for rooms in Paris for Easter.

Crowded Hours

In any busy hour of the day more than 1000 vehicles pass through Northumberland Avenue in London.

The Destroyer

The white ant is responsible for the destruction of 20,000 telegraph and telephone poles every year in Australia.

The Hare and the Cycle

A motor-cyclist near Treves in the Rhineland has been killed through a hare dashing into a wheel of his cycle.

The Motor-Cycling Age

The age limit for a motor-cycling licence has been raised two years, no licence to be granted under sixteen.

Brighter Wimbledon

Experiments are being made at Wimbledon with a street lamp with a reflector which illumines a greater length of kerb.

A Wheelbarrow Leaves Old Ireland

One wheelbarrow was exported from Ireland last year, according to the official figures, and 1700 tons of wheelbarrows were imported.

A Million People at the Palace

Over a million people visited the Crystal Palace last year, and the profit on an income of £80,000 was over £200.

War

The War Minister has stated in Parliament that during the war 264 soldiers were shot for desertion and 18 for cowardice. Two officers were shot for desertion and one for murder and desertion. No officer was shot for cowardice.

April 5, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

11

A GIANT SUN GOLDEN ARCTURUS About 27 Times Wider Than Our Sun

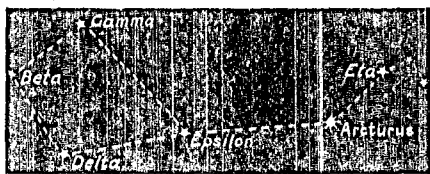
THE ASTRONOMER'S INSTRUMENTS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Observers of the evening sky just now will see, high up between east and south-east, a bright golden star shining like a planet. At 9 o'clock it is almost midway between the horizon and overhead, so there is no mistaking it.

This is Arcturus, known also as Job's Star because it was mentioned by him in his Book in the Bible over 3000 years ago. Arcturus is also known astronomically as Alpha in Boötes, for it is the brightest star in the constellation.

Our star-map shows the position of Arcturus relative to the other stars of Boötes, the Herdsman, who, with Canes



The chief stars of the constellation of Boötes, showing where to find Arcturus

Venatici the Hunting Dogs, appears to be for ever chasing the Great Bear, Ursa Major, round the celestial North Pole.

All these fanciful figures, however, represent the symbolic and imaginary ideas of the peoples of many thousands of years ago. We know the heavens to contain marvels immeasurably more wonderful than anything they ever imagined because of the revelations of the telescope, the spectroscope, and other valuable instrumental aids to man's research such as the interferometer, which, attached to a telescope, enables a star's diameter to be measured; and the thermocouple by means of which the heat radiation of a star may be measured.

Photography applied to a star's spectrum (or dissected light) tells us whether it is approaching or receding from us, and often whether the star has another body revolving round it too close to be perceived in any other way. Analysis of the star's light provides a record, beyond question, of many of the elements entering into the star's composition, and much other valuable information.

And so we know, in the case of Arcturus, that it is a colossal sun of the giant class, about 23,380,000 miles in diameter according to the latest measurements at Mount Wilson Observatory. Arcturus is, therefore, about 27 times the diameter of our Sun. Were it as near, what a magnificent golden orb it would appear in the sky! It would indeed be large enough to much more than cover the four stars forming the square portion of the Plough. But such a sun would radiate a hundred times the light and heat of our Sun, which would obviously be disastrous.

Terrific Heat

Arcturus is, however, 2,600,000 times as far away as our Sun, which at that distance would appear as a small star scarcely perceptible. It contains only about eight times as much material as our Sun, notwithstanding its great bulk; it is as if a drop of water were expanded into a great sphere of very rarefied steam.

But in the vast depths of this colossal sun more dense material must exist, where, notwithstanding the terrific heat, amounting to some millions of degrees Centigrade, the weight of many millions of miles of fiery atmosphere above would by sheer pressure force the heavier elements congregated near the centre into a fluid core of much greater density.

As Arcturus, like all such suns, is radiating a large proportion of itself away and also becoming denser, it is also becoming smaller, and will in the course of time become not much larger than our Sun.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

The Germ That Travelled From China to London

Number of Members—14,900

Sing a song of nations
Marching hand in hand,
As the host of Moses,
To the Promised Land.

War has been our Pharaoh,
Kept us prisoned long;
Slaves, destroy your fetters,
Join the freemen's throng.

March away from torture,
Famine, plague, and death
To the sun-kissed uplands
Sweet with freedom's breath.

Sing a song of brothers,
Sing a song of joy,
Sing of life unshadowed,
Join us, girl and boy!

Fighting Disease

This time last year many of us were lying in bed feeling sorry for ourselves, for we were among the many victims of the terrible influenza epidemic.

If you had asked any of the victims where they had caught the germ that had laid them low they might have answered that they caught it from a brother or a sister, or from a next-door neighbour. Probably none of them could have told you where the germ that gave rise to the epidemic came from.

But the public health authorities knew, because, through the League of Nations Health Organisation, they keep a sharp look-out on the activities of dangerous germs. The League's Health staff had discovered that the influenza epidemic started in China, spread across Japan to America, and then came to Europe. This work is helping the nations to fight disease.

Nothing could illustrate better the need for all the nations to unite to fight such common enemies of mankind as disease and war. It is not enough that Governments should unite; the peoples themselves in all lands must join together to help the League.

That is why all C.N. boys and girls should join the Children's League of Nations. We cannot begin too early to side with right and justice.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Card and Badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

Here is a little human experience which the sender of it thinks is a sign that people are getting better tempered and more considerate.

We waited in a shelter on a cold day for the bus, which was ten minutes late.

When it came I sat opposite the mayoress. We had travelled about two stages and the bus stopped of its own accord.

The driver got down and examined the engine earnestly; the conductor went to give advice, and a young man passenger offered his help. "This is the third time it has done this," said a woman with a big basket. "It is probably the cold," said the mayoress, who had just decided to walk when the engine started again.

We went on two more stages, and then the engine refused to do any more.

"If you will wait, you can go on in the next bus," said the conductor.

"Oh, we may as well walk; it isn't far now, and anyhow you can't help it."

So we all walked the rest of the way, and nobody grumbled.

PARLIAMENT AND THE BIRDS Behind the Times

THE THING THAT SHOULD BE DONE

The Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds is once more to the fore in acting as the friend of bird life.

It is supporting a Bill which Mr. George Mathers, M.P. for Edinburgh, has introduced in the House of Commons, extending the protection hitherto given to birds in that country. Public opinion in Scotland allows Scotland to take a lead in this matter.

The Acts of Parliament now in force are far behind the times. The general principle on which they are based is that birds may be captured and killed if they are not exempted, and only about one-ninth are so exempted, and even these not everywhere.

Enlightened Opinion

What is needed is that all birds shall be protected by law all the year round, their eggs and their nests, unless they are for good reasons specially excluded from the law's protection. That is to say the exception should be to exempt the bird, not to protect it.

An enormous volume of enlightened opinion holds that birds generally are useful and desirable, and should be freed from persecution. That is the unassailable fact of the matter. If some birds at some times and in some places are to be treated as enemies, or undesirable, the birds and the times and the places should be named and sentence should be passed. The law should be protection for the many, varied by condemnation of the few. Now it is too often persecution for the many, varied by protection for the few.

Is it not time for England also to be up and doing?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Correct Pronunciation of Raleigh?

Raw-le, with the stress on the first syllable.

How Long Was Lady Jane Grey Queen?

Ten days from July 9, 1553. She was proclaimed queen to July 19, when Mary was proclaimed.

When Was Coal First Used in England?

No one can say. It is believed that the ancient Britons used it. In or about 1234 Henry the Third is said to have granted a licence to dig coal near Newcastle-on-Tyne, so it was evidently used then.

What is a Callithumpian?

This word was used as the name of any member of a party which in the old days used to gather in New York on New Year's Eve with rattles, horns, bells, and so on, and make as much noise as possible. The word is made up from Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, and thumping.

Has Stalin, the Russian Statesman, Any Other Name?

Joseph Stalin was born in Tiflis, the son of a Georgian peasant, and his real name is Dzhugashvili. As secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party he is the real ruler of Russia, although the Committee has no official recognition in the constitution.

What are Diatoms?

Diatoms are microscopic plants covered with siliceous shells which float in fresh and salt water. They have no roots or leaves, and they are in shells so that at first sight they might be thought to be tiny shell fish, but they contain chlorophyll, the green pigment of plants which proves that they are vegetable in nature.

They occur in tremendous numbers and the ocean floor in many places is plastered deep with their shells. In a single quart of sea water there may be seven million diatoms.

When the shells are crushed they make good metal polishes and tooth-powders.



The Health of School Children in April

APRIL may be called a transition month, for it belongs neither to winter nor summer. Usually the weather is a mixture of both, and often within an hour changes from warm sunshine to heavy rain or sleet.

In April our bodies go through a transition stage, too. Children especially are affected by the change of the seasons, and there is usually a considerable amount of illness and digestive disorders among them. Evidence of these troubles is shown in lack of energy and listlessness.

The particular need of all children at this time is more nourishment. Not larger quantities of ordinary food, for the digestion may not be able to deal with it. The extra nourishment must be supplied in a concentrated and easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" completely meets these requirements. In the form of a delicious beverage is supplied the concentrated nourishment extracted from malt, milk and eggs—Nature's best foods. The food elements are correctly balanced for the needs of brain, nerve and body.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/3, 2/- and 3/6 per tin.

P.547

THOSE VERY HEALTHY PEOPLE



demonstrate how well
GIBBS DENTIFRICE
preserves teeth

Even among healthy outdoor people, the regular users of Gibbs Dentifrice stand out. Sparkling teeth glisten where cheery smiles indicate robust health.

Gibbs Dentifrice keeps teeth so clean, so bright. Into every crevice and cranny the penetrating foam goes, cleaning swiftly away anything that could cause decay.

Those very healthy people are walking advertisements for Gibbs Dentifrice. Buy a case to-day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE

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Gibbs have prepared a Ladies' Box and a Gentleman's Box each containing 5 useful sized samples:—

Ladies' Box contains: Gibbs Dentifrice; Cold Cream Soap; Cold Cream Shaving Foam; Shampoo Powder; Dental Cream.
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Clean, simple words; Fascinating Melodies.
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Sent by return for 2/1 from "Composer,"
16, Madeira Park, Tunbridge Wells.

THE RIGHT WAY TO DO IT

On the Ladies Way
to Peace

TWO LITTLE ARMIES OF TEN THOUSAND

On the Chemin des Dames (the Ladies Way) in the fair land of Champagne, which was a battleground for the French and German armies for four years of the war, 10,000 French and 10,000 German soldiers will meet again next August.

They will meet not in war but in peace. Together they will take a solemn oath to outlaw war for evermore. It is the sign they make to their children. The men who fought in the war are those who know best, and feel most deeply, that war is a curse and a blight, a menace to the hearts and souls of men as well as to their lives and limbs.

They are the people who say most fervently—Never again! They are the backbone of the League of Nations. They are the unknown, unrecognised signatories of the Pact of Peace.

A Place of Painful Memories

Most often they are silent or unheard. On the Chemin des Dames they will speak, and their voices should reverberate over continents and oceans.

No better ground for this treaty of peace between the Unknown Soldiers could be found. It was on the Chemin des Dames that the flower of the French Army was cut down in the attack which General Nivelle devised in 1917. This wrecked two French Army corps, it shattered the reputation of General Nivelle, and it provoked a mutiny in a French Division.

And all the effort was wasted both at that time and later when a German attack on the ridge broke down. The Chemin des Dames was notorious in the history of the war. It may become famous in Peace.

HOW THE COUNTRIES ARE LINKED

No Need for Navies

Every country is linked with every other, willy nilly. Even the rich, powerful, self-contained United States cannot stand alone.

It cannot make steel without manganese. It has to get it from the British Empire. Without manganese steel the railways of the United States would fail.

If at the same time it were deprived of rubber, which it does not grow and has to import, its motor-transport would fail. Without railways and without motor-transport the 120 million people scattered over that vast continent, and so largely grouped in widely spaced towns, would be brought to the verge of starvation.

If that were avoided, nevertheless its huge social organisation would be paralysed. Unfitted for agriculture on a wide scale, the States would be reduced to the social condition of China.

These facts are put forward as the reason why America wants a Big Navy: to protect her overseas communications, so that she may unfailingly receive the raw materials she wants.

It would be simpler and better if nobody had a navy with which to threaten the sea communications of any other nation. But it has been pointed out again by Sir Thomas Holland that if the nations would agree to cut off essential supplies from any nation that went to war, if the British Empire and the United States would thus combine, there could be no more war.

War would be starved out without Big Navies.

Alcohol is Bad for You

SCENT UNFADING THROUGH THE AGES

Perfume Across
30 Centuries

THE ALABASTER NEAR THE SPHINX

The poet is sometimes a prophet and predicts better than he knows. More than three-quarters of a century after his death Tom Moore is found in the ranks of the seers.

Of all the wonders discovered in the newly-found tomb at the foot of the Sphinx in Egypt nothing is more romantic than that certain alabaster receptacles buried in the sepulchre for three thousand years still retain the perfume from their contents.

Tom Moore did not foresee the opening of this temple of the dead in the sands of the old land of the Pharaohs, but from his poet's brain there leaped these lines appropriate to its discovery:

*You may break, you may shatter, the vase
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang
round it still.*

His little song of prophecy was right; the scent is still there.

A Secret of Ancient Days

What the scent was we do not yet know, though it is unlikely that the secret will defy our chemists. It has been suggested that the very species of flowers which yielded the scent may have passed into oblivion and be no longer known on Earth. That may be so; but, on the other hand, a scent so persistent may not have proceeded from a flower at all. It may have been produced from one of those animal musks which go on yielding their perfume, atom by atom, like rays from radium, without any apparent reduction in weight.

The scent is one of the secrets of ancient days which we have not yet succeeded in recapturing. The Egyptians were masters of arts which have perished. There was an enamel or vicer which has outlasted the very stone for whose surface preservation it was used; and there were methods of safeguarding timber which are beyond our knowledge.

Untouched By Time

Not long ago there was exhibited before one of our learned bodies in London a piece of timber which had been buried for thousands of years in Egypt. It is here today in London, sound and whole, untouched by insects or by the decay of Time.

We know much of the secrets of the Egyptians, we see the perfection of their work on huge sculptures in the open, on exquisitely wrought architecture sealed, as its workers thought, for ever against the eye of man; but there are still secrets of Old Egypt which baffle us.

BREAKING FAITH IN THE WIRELESS WORLD

A Radio Scotland Yard

The bad deed of an unknown country caused the Swedish Government to put up a wireless Scotland Yard a short time ago. The detective station is in the little town of Eskilstuna, in Central Sweden.

A big wireless station in Central Europe had caused a great deal of trouble through interference by using a particular wave-length against the provisions included in the International Radio Convention.

The detective station soon found out the transgressing country, and although it has been requested to alter the bad wave-length and to keep its faith with the Convention, it is sad to relate that at the time of writing it has not done so.

SHREDDED WHEAT

**A NOURISHING
BREAKFAST
IN ITSELF
TASTES GOOD
AND IS GOOD**

IT'S SOMEONE'S BIRTHDAY THIS MONTH
ASK FOR THE BEST TOY OF ALL
The famous Mechanical
**MARX CLIMBING
TRACTOR**
UP, DOWN & OVER EVERYTHING
Sole Distributors:— S. GUITERMAN & CO LTD
35 & 36, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.

Obtainable at
your Toy Shop
& at most Stores.
**10/6
EACH**

C.N. TOUR OF THE MOTHERLAND

WE give this week the coupon for the final stage of the C.N. Tour of the Motherland, in connection with which 125 valuable prizes are offered. Each week for six weeks we have given clues from which readers have been asked to identify stopping-places on an imaginary tour round Britain.

When you have filled in the answers to this week's clues write your name and address in ink in the space provided on the coupon. Gather together your five previous coupons, see that all the stopping-places are filled in, then pin all six together in order so as to form one complete entry. The map published in earlier issues is not to be sent. Place your entry in a properly-stamped envelope and post it to

MOTHERLAND TOUR, CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER,
5, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4 (COMP.)

so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, April 15, 1930. Any entries arriving after that date will be disqualified.

The Rules

THE twenty-five prizes of Lissenola Portable Wireless Sets or Cabinet Gramophones will be awarded to the twenty-five readers whose lists of stopping-places are correct or most nearly so, according to the sealed list in the Editor's possession. The hundred other prizes will follow according to merit.

The Editor reserves the right to divide the value of any of the prizes in the event of ties, and his decision in all matters affecting the contest will be final and legally binding.

Any number of attempts may be sent, but no reader over 18 is entitled to enter or assist.

Only one name must be written in each numbered space, and no coupons containing corrections will be accepted.

No responsibility can be undertaken for any delay or loss in the post or otherwise, and no correspondence will be entertained. Every entry must be on a complete set of coupons—1 to 6.

Employees of the proprietors of the Children's Newspaper cannot compete.

The Prizes

THE 25 most successful readers will each be invited to choose between a handsome 5-valve Portable Wireless Set capable of receiving numerous home and foreign broadcast programmes and a beautiful Cabinet Gramophone in mahogany, both made by the well-known firm of Lissen.

The hundred other prizes include tennis rackets and cricket bats made by Slazengers; model launches driven by steam; the wonderful Hobbies tool cabinets; Broadcast portable gramophones made by the Vocalion Gramophone Co.; large Skisail monoplanes guaranteed to fly several hundred yards; handsome 9-carat gold wrist-watches for girls and silver watches with luminous dials for boys, both supplied by H. Samuel Ltd.; and Ensign folding cameras.

Seldom has such an attractive list of prizes been offered, and there is the additional advantage that successful readers are to be asked to choose which they like best. Boys and girls will be proud to possess any of these articles.

C.N. TOUR OF THE MOTHERLAND

Sixth Coupon

41 Sarum	41
42 Dust of Kings in Boxes	42
43 Trade from the Sea	43
44 Historic Castle	44
45 Where a Conqueror Turned	45
46 Name Famous Among Travellers	46
47 Flight of a Fugitive King	47
48 Famous Airport	48

In entering this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Signed

Address

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

6

THE TOWNS REFERRED TO IN THIS COUPON ARE AMONG THESE NAMES

41. Blandford, Cranborne, Poole, Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Wimborne.	45. Battle, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Hastings, Pevensey, Rye.
42. Eastleigh, Portsmouth, Romsey, Southampton, Winchester.	46. Ashford, Canterbury, Charing, Dover, Faversham, Wye.
43. Arundel, Bognor, Chichester, Littlehampton, Midhurst, Petersfield.	47. Maidstone, Rochester, Strood, Tonbridge, Tunbridge Wells.
44. Brighton, Cuckfield, Lewes, Newhaven, Uckfield, Worthing.	48. Croydon, Dorking, Epsom, Horsham, Leatherhead, Reigate.

THREE FIRES OF LONDON

BOADICEA's claim to have set the torch to the first Great Fire of London stands good, but traces of another fire which burned out part of the rebuilt Roman city have just been found.

There are traces of Boadicea's blaze close to the Tower, in the foundations of All Hallows; and over a wide area the spade reveals from time to time traces of the thoroughness with which the Iceni hordes did their work.

But recently a deep excavation near Fish Street Hill, where the Monument bears witness to the Great Fire of 1666, showed evidences of a vastly destructive fire about 130 A.D.

It was not a thin deposit like that which testifies to Boadicea's fiery raid in 61 A.D., but was eight feet thick. It was for the greater part clay hard baked by fire mixed with charcoal. In its mass were embedded many potsherds.

These potsherds tell another part of the history, for stamped on many of the clay fragments are the names of potters so well known that we know when they lived and sometimes where they worked.

Some of the wares of the same potters have been found along Hadrian's Wall, and we now have to add this new bit of London's history, that the fire and the completion of Hadrian's Wall took place within a few years of one another.



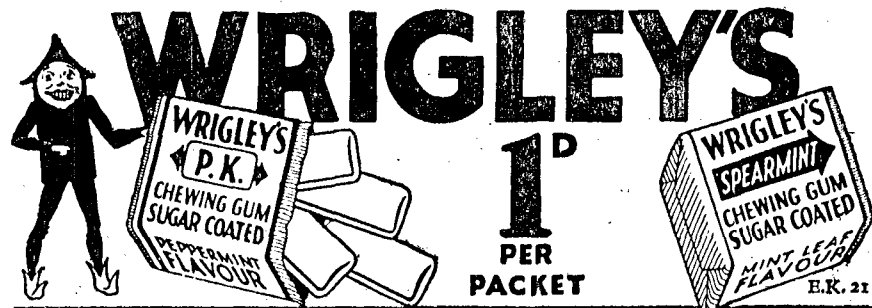
Take it steady!

PUT a piece of Wrigley's Chewing Gum in the mouth — there's nothing like it to "steady" you. The pure, cool flavour refreshes you — keeps you alive and alert.

A delightful sweet, Wrigley's "after every meal" also aids digestion and cleanses the teeth.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy. The flavour lasts.

British Made



Who salted the sea?

Dear C.N. Readers,

The sun was shining fiercely. The sea was without a ripple. Nancy, a young lady of twelve, whose home address finished up with "Stepney, E.1," stood in wonder on the shore. This was her first sight of the ocean.



"Go in, Nancy, have a bathe," was the advice of her companions. At last (although by no means a natural lover of the water) she yielded. Ankle, knee, waist-deep she waded. As she turned back toward the shore a big wave surprised her. She emerged, shivering, indignant, spluttering. "Who salted it?" she demanded. "Who salted it, I arsts yer?" It took some time to convince her that none of her friends was responsible for its salty flavour.

Many of you will wonder at her ignorance, but you must remember that Nancy, and thousands of boys and girls

in East London, never have nice long holidays by the sea. They need them, though. You should see their wretched homes—stuffy, overcrowded, without sunshine and without fresh air.

Will you help me to give 15,000 children one glorious day at the seaside or in the country this coming summer? (It costs 2/- for each child.) Or will you help me to send 500 or 600 delicate girls and boys to a holiday home for a fortnight? Thirty shillings will pay for one such holiday. You remember my address, don't you?

The Rev. F. W. Chudleigh,
EAST END MISSION,
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, etc. White, etc., 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 27/11 yd. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure. NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION. EGERTON BURNETTS, N.C. Dept. Wellington, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

CUT THIS OUT
CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-. or with 5 coupons only 2/9 De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Jim Dysart and his elder brother Don are on their schooner the Dolphin in search of pink pearls.

The lagoon they are bound for is inhabited by a monster shark of terrifying proportions.

CHAPTER 3

Tremendous Tackle

DON craned over the rail gazing at the vast, shimmering form which hung beneath the schooner.

"What a brute," he said. "I didn't believe there was such a thing as that in all the Seven Seas."

Parami spoke. "I tell you true, boss; you believe Parami now?"

The man was still shivering with fear, yet his voice had a touch of triumph in its tone. Don nodded.

"Yes, you were right, Parami. And as you were right about the shark I'm beginning to think you may be right, too, about the pearls."

Parami paid no attention to the last part of Don's remark. His eyes were on the shark.

"You seen him now, boss. That enough. Now you go 'way before he get you."

"Oh, he's not going to get us," Don answered with a smile. "On the contrary, we're going to get him—and the pearls."

Jim broke in.

"Now's our chance. We've a harpoon aboard. Shall I get it, Don?"

"No good, Jim," replied his brother. "We can't reach him."

"Can't reach him!" repeated Jim. "Why he's only just under the surface."

"He's under our keel and we draw seven feet. There's no touching him with a harpoon."

"Then what about the bait—the pork you talked of?" asked Jim eagerly.

"We'll try that tomorrow."

"Why not now?"

"My dear chap"—Don was a little impatient—"this isn't a mackerel or a cod we're going to angle for. It will take the lot of us half a day to fix up the tackle."

"Oh," said Jim rather abashed. "I didn't think of that. But we are going to get him?"

"We're going to do our worst," said Don. "You can come down now and help to sort out some line."

The amount of rope which Don thought necessary surprised Jim, so did the size of the shark hook, and of the iron chain attached to it. They worked for a couple of hours, then Don suggested that Jim should turn in. Jim looked doubtful.

"Think it's all right, Don? Somehow, I don't much fancy sleeping with only an inch or so of planking between me and that awful beast."

"You'll be all serene," Don assured him. "The beggar won't meddle with the ship and by tomorrow night—"

He paused with a smile, and Jim laughed. Jim did not sleep as well as usual that night. Twice he was wakened by the whole ship quivering as the monster beneath rubbed his barnacle back against the keel. He was up before dawn to find Motu taking the watch.

"Him gone," said Motu quietly, and sure enough when Jim looked over the side there was no sign of the giant shark.

"Gone to look for breakfast, I suppose," said Jim. "It must take something to fill a creature like that."

The Sun rose in crimson glory and presently the day breeze began to ruffle the surface of the lagoon. Chi Ling called all hands to breakfast, and afterwards Don and Jim completed the tackle. One end of the heavy line was fastened to the base of the mast, but Don arranged a spring to take the strain. He sharpened the point of the hook, then he broke a cask of pork and, choosing the biggest piece, hung it out in the sun.

"Sharks like their food a bit high," he told Jim.

It was dinner-time when they had finished their preparations. Afterwards there was nothing to do, and Jim looked longingly at the white beach. But Don flatly refused leave to go ashore.

"It's not the shark so much as the natives," he said. "By this time every soul on the island knows we're here."

"I haven't set eyes on one yet," grumbled Jim.

"All the more reason for caution," Don told him. "I'd much sooner see them come down to the beach, but I've no doubt that at this very minute there are dozens of them hidden among those trees, ready to swoop down on a boat the minute it reaches the shore. The chances are they'd come out and tackle us if it wasn't for the shark."

Jim frowned. "Then if we kill the shark we're finishing our policeman," he said.

Don shrugged.

"There's something in that, Jim; but on the other hand we can't try for the pearls until we've got rid of the shark. And as there are no canoes on the beach I don't think we need worry."

Jim went to the side.

"I wonder where the beggar is," he said.

"Not far off," Don told him. "When the breeze dies down you'll see him again."

Don was right. Towards five the wind fell, and as the wave ripples smoothed out there was the shark lying close under the lee of the schooner, a monstrous, slate-coloured shadow, sinister and mysterious. The whole crew leaned over the rail staring at the giant which lay motionless, its cold dull eyes peering up at them, dark as pools of ink. Once it rolled slightly, showing that its underside was almost as white as snow.

Jim raised his head and looked at his brother. "What sort of shark is it, Don?"

"I don't know. I never saw anything like it. I think it must be a survival of some prehistoric sort. Did you see his teeth when he rolled?"

"We'll see them a bit better," said Don, and, going across to the harness cask, took a chunk of pork and pitched it over the side. Instantly the surface broke and a monstrous blunt head rose into view. Jaws armed with a triple row of gleaming white fangs opened like the leaves of a double door, then closed with a terrifying clash. The head vanished, the surface stilled again, and the foam floated away in snowy patches.

"Rose like a trout," said Jim presently. He was rather white, but his voice was steady. "He's hungry all right."

Don nodded.

"We'd better begin operations," he said. "There's not much more than an hour of day, light. Lend a hand with the tackle, Parami."

Parami's brown face had paled to a sickly ash colour. He was shaking in every limb.

"It no use, boss," he said earnestly. "We no catch him; he catch us."

Don saw that the man was really terrified.

"Don't worry, Parami," he said kindly. "We won't take any foolish risks. We can always cut the line if things get too hot."

Before Parami could say anything more Don got to work. He baited the hook with the great lump of pork and laid the line out so that it would run easily.

"Keep clear of it when it starts running out, Jim," he warned his brother. "If you got caught you'd be switched overboard in a second. Motu, you and Parami get up the anchor." He called Chi Ling and told him to go down and start the engine. "But don't switch on until you feel the schooner moving," he ordered.

Looking down, Jim could see the white sand of the bottom thirty feet below the schooner's keel and sea growths of wonderful shapes and colours shimmering in the depths. Don looked round.

"All clear," said Jim, and Don, lifting the baited hook in his strong hands, flung it over the side.

CHAPTER 4

A Tug of War

JUST as before, the shark shot like a trout to the surface, and the bait had hardly struck the water before the cavernous jaws gaped to receive it.

"He's got it," yelled Jim, and sprang aside in time to avoid a coil of rope which whizzed over the gunwale. The shark seemed to go straight to the bottom, but finding this useless came to the surface again, twisting, turning, lashing the smooth water to a boiling foam. His struggles were terrific.

"Look out! He's starting!" cried Jim as the shark, finding all its efforts vain, suddenly darted away. The thick rope raced out over the side with such speed that the gunwale actually smoked with the heat of its passage.

"He'll break it!" gasped Jim, for it looked as if no line made by man could withstand the shock that must come when the last coils left the barrel in which they were stowed. And break it must for a certainty but for the spring which Don had rigged. Even so, when the strain came the shock made the stout schooner shiver in every timber, then she shot forward across the lagoon as if towed by a powerful tug.

But Chi Ling had obeyed his orders and the engine started its sturdy clug. Don, who was at the wheel, put her head round and steered the schooner in the opposite direction to that in which the shark was towing her. Now began a terrible tug of war; on one side the schooner driven by her powerful motor-engine, on the other the giant shark mad with rage. For a few moments the schooner had the better, and Don headed her for the shore, but then the shark turned straight for the passage, and as the rope tightened the schooner began to move slowly backward.

Parami came up to Jim and his face was grey with fear. "I told you, boss. Him too strong for us," he said hoarsely.

"It's all right," Jim encouraged him. "He'll tire. The engine won't."

Such confidence was all very well, but there was no sign of the shark's tiring, and though the crew was turning at top speed the schooner was dragged steadily in the direction of the channel.

"How would it be to follow him out to sea?" Jim asked of Don; but Don shook his head.

"You're forgetting the reefs. We should go to smash for a certainty. No, Jim, we've got to keep him here in the lagoon."

The struggle went on. The shark seemed to think his one chance of victory was to get out of the lagoon, and with all the power of his mighty muscles he struggled to do so. Don tried a new scheme. He turned the schooner, raced her after the monster, then steered sharply to one side. As the line came taut again the huge sea beast rose to the surface, his great triangular back fin rising a good three feet above the water. Then, with a flick of his tremendous tail which sent the spray twelve feet into the air, he was down again, and the schooner swung behind him and shot towards the mouth of the channel.

Chi Ling rapidly reversed the engine, but the damage was done. The schooner towed far more easily bow than stern foremost, and it was quite clear that the shark was going to pull them into the channel.

There was silence for a little while the Dolphin, with her screw churning the water, was dragged slowly but surely towards the narrow mouth of the channel.

"Don," said Jim suddenly, "the natives are on the beach."

Don glanced round and saw that at least a hundred natives were down on the beach of the lagoon. All men, muscular, wild-looking fellows. Their only garments were loin cloths of coconut fibre, and they carried clubs and spears. They were strangely quiet as they eagerly watched the battle between the ship and the sea beast.

"Surely they'll be glad if we can finish this brute," went on Jim.

"You never can tell," said Don. "If the shark is taboo the priests will be furious with anyone who meddle with it." He paused and glanced seaward again. A frown creased his forehead.

"We'll have to cut pretty soon, Jim."

"I know, but if we don't get the shark we lose the pearls," said Jim in dismay. "Won't the brute ever stop? He can't—He broke off with a shout. "He's done! The line's gone slack."

"Done! Not a bit of it. The brute's turned!" cried Don. And almost as he spoke the strain came again, but now in the opposite direction. For some reason best known to himself the shark had turned and was heading right back into the lagoon. The trouble was that the schooner was already in the channel so that there was little room for her to turn. Don spun the wheel frantically, but his brown face whitened as he saw the bow of the Dolphin driving straight for the wall of rock which rose sheer out of the water hardly two ship lengths ahead. For a horrid moment it seemed as if nothing could save the little ship from driving bow on against the cliff.

Suddenly she stopped dead, and heeled terribly. A yell of terror came from Parami, for he was the first to see what had happened. The shark had dived back right under the schooner and fouled the line. Caught on the starboard gunwale it was dragging the schooner down so that, if it held, she must most certainly be capsized.

It was only a second before Don and Jim, too, realised the danger and both leaped forward. Don was quick, but Jim was even quicker. He reached the axe first, snatched it up and down came the keen blade on the thick cord, shearing it through with one blow. The end attached to the mast flew back with a hiss, and with a violent jerk the schooner righted. Then the screw, still reversed, drew her back from the cliff face into safety.

"Phew!" gasped Don. "I thought we were gone!"

"The shark is gone," said Jim.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO HELPS HIS MOTHER

WHEN Jacko came home one day he found the kitchen in such confusion that he stood still and whistled.

"Stop that noise!" cried his mother sharply. "I've enough to bear as it is."

"What's the matter?" asked Jacko, looking round for some signs of dinner.

"Father's been knocked down," said Mother Jacko.

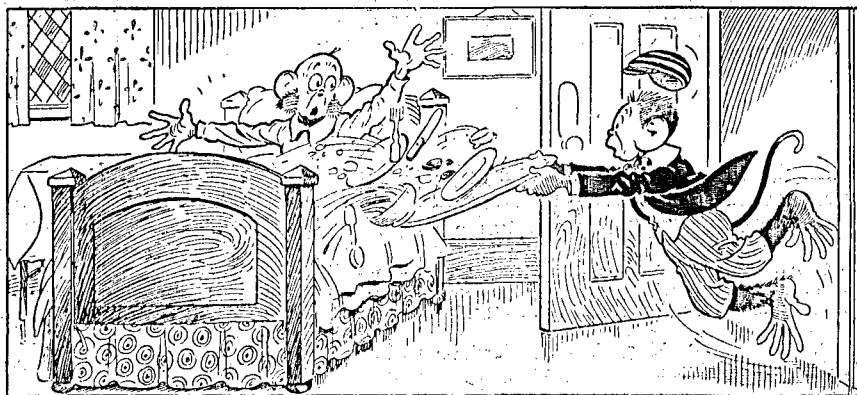
"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "How awful! Is he very bad?"

But she reckoned without her Jacko, for, having swept the stair carpets to his entire satisfaction, it occurred to him to fetch the furniture polish and rub up the boards on the landing.

Jacko was good at polishing. He was getting thoroughly interested in the job when he heard his mother calling him.

"Come down, dear," she said. "I want you to carry up Father's dinner."

Jacko ran downstairs, beaming.



He shot the tray and everything on it on Father's bed

His mother shook her head. "I'm thankful to say he's not," she said, sinking into the big Windsor chair and passing her handkerchief over her face. "It's nothing serious; but it's given him a frightful shock."

"Coo!" said Jacko again. This was news and no mistake.

"I've persuaded him to go to bed," said his mother. "And now you be a good lad and keep out of the way while I get the house straight."

"I'll help," cried Jacko. "I'll sweep the stairs for you."

"Very well," said his mother, thinking it a safe job for him.

"I'm cleaning the landing, Mater," he said. "It looks fine."

"Does it, dear?" replied Mother Jacko absently. "You're a good lad. I can see you are trying to help me. Now carry up this tray to Father."

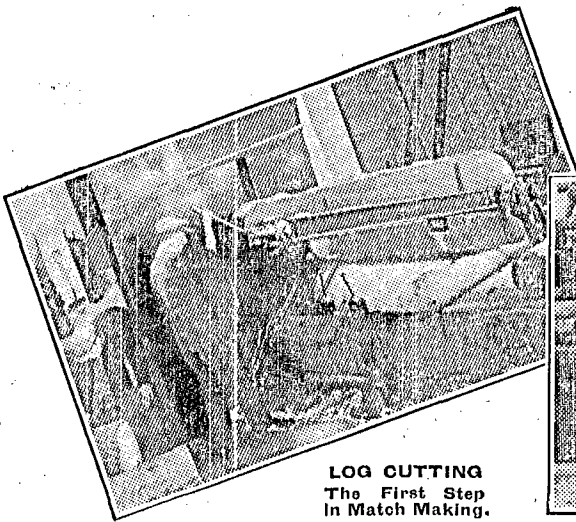
Jacko said "Righto!" took the tray and went upstairs three steps at a time.

He stopped on the landing to admire his work. "Coo! The boards shine like glass," he murmured, and, lifting his foot, he gave the bedroom door a kick.

It flew open. Jacko strode forward, slid his length on the shining boards—and shot the tray and everything on it on Father's bed!

Fun among the Matches

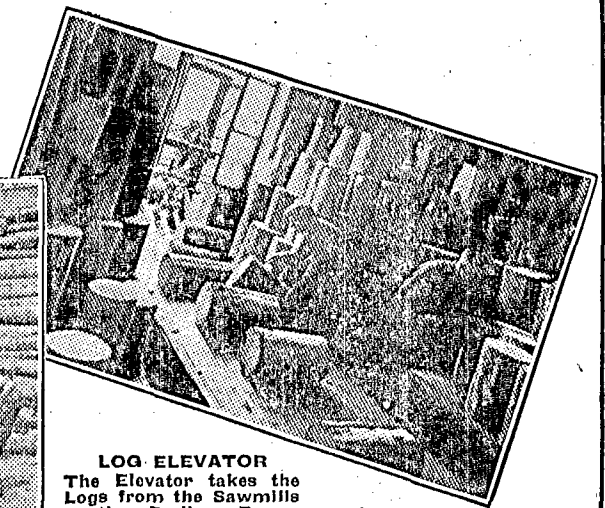
THE ROMANCE OF MATCH MAKING



LOG CUTTING
The First Step
in Match Making.



ASPEN LOGS
Timber at one of the Factories.

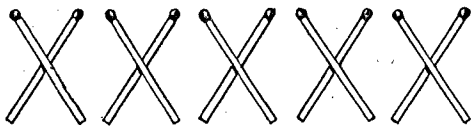


LOG ELEVATOR
The Elevator takes the
Logs from the Sawmills
to the Peeling Room.

The "BRYMAY" MATCH PUZZLE SERIES SET NO 2.

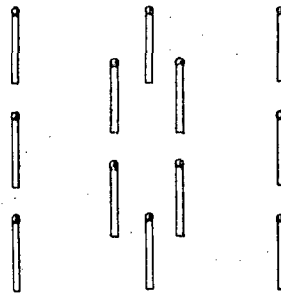
Puzzle No. 7.

Place 10 matches in a row and by moving 1 match at a time in such a manner that it jumps over 2 others, form them into 5 crosses thus:—



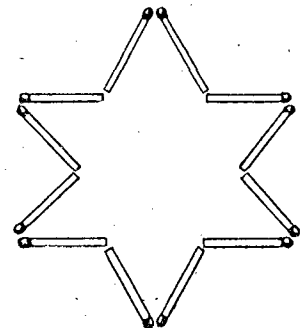
Puzzle No. 8.

A Farmer at his death left a field containing 12 trees planted as shown, and commanded in his will that each of his 4 sons should have an equal share of land and an equal number of trees. How was it divided?



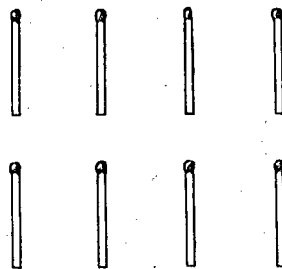
Puzzle No. 9.

Make out of this star 3 adjoining cubes by adding 12 more matches.



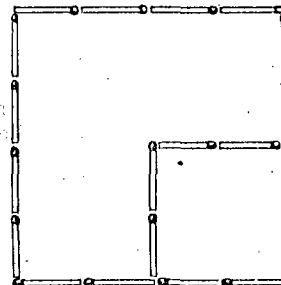
Puzzle No. 10.

Arrange 8 matches to form 4 triangles and 2 squares.



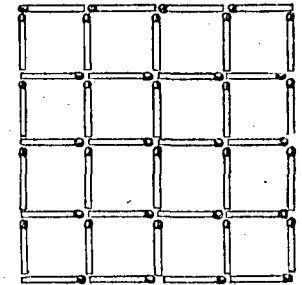
Puzzle No. 11.

Place 16 matches to represent a square farm; next mark off 1 quarter with 4 matches as sold; now divide the remaining 3 quarters into 4 equal parts, using 8 matches.

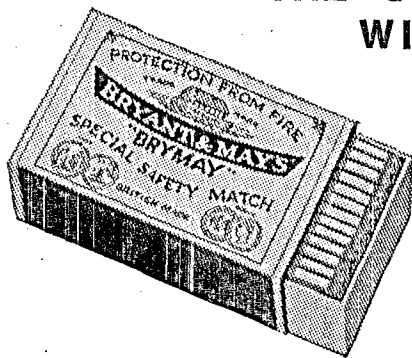


Puzzle No. 12.

Remove 16 matches so as to form 2 perfect squares of equal size.



THE SOLUTIONS TO THIS SET OF PUZZLES
WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S
"CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER."



LOOK OUT FOR THE NEXT SET
IN THE "CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER"
OF MAY 3rd, 1930.



BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES—BRITISH & BEST

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 5, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Albert Comes Home

ALBERT has just come home from India. When he went away five years ago his friend saw him off, and they noticed that Albert's age was one-and-a-quarter times that of his friend.

The same friend welcomed him home, and they find that now Albert's age is only one-one-fifth the age of his friend.

How old are they both now?

Answer next week

Sayings Shakespeare Made

STAND not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

Macbeth, III 4.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Hamlet, III 2.

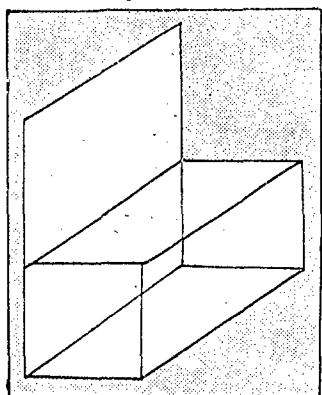
Dreams which are the children of an idle brain.

Romeo and Juliet, I 4.

You have a nimble wit.

As You Like It, III 2.

An Optical Illusion



HERE is an outline figure which resembles an old-fashioned seat with a high back. If you gaze steadily at it for a few moments it will appear to change its position. At first it appears to be facing you, but after a while it seems to turn its back on you.

The Grass Snake

THE grass snake, which is quite harmless, begins to appear early in April, and is very common in the South of England. It may be easily distinguished from the viper by the bright yellow ring round its neck.

It is equally at home on land and in the water and swims with a wriggling eel-like motion, holding its head several inches above water. Its food consists mainly of frogs, newts, and small fish.

The Life of an Iceberg

ICEBERGS often last for many years. Some of those in the Atlantic are believed to have been in existence for 200 years.

A Beheaded Word

I AM a scholar from the East; My wisdom is profound. Behead me, and I have, at least, What comes to all around.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Pascall?

LIKE some other surnames, Pascall is derived from a Church festival, that of Easter, or Paschal, as it was called. Pascoe, Pask, Pace, and Pack are all variations of the same name, and they no doubt had their origin in the fact that an ancestor of those so-called today was born at Eastertide and was so described by his relations and friends.

Ici On Parle Français



Le passe-lacet Le melon Le corps
Elle se servira d'un passe-lacet.
Il a toujours un chapeau melon.
L'esprit sain dans un corps sain.

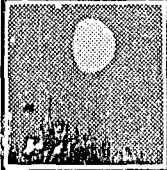
A Word Diamond

THE seven clues below indicate letters and words which when written one beneath the other will form a diamond of words.
End of year. Grows in a pod.
Sticky substance. Replace. Make amends. Before. Beginning of everything.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South-West. Neptune is in the South, and Venus and Mercury are in the West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on April 9.



Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line represented by noughts will form the name of a spring flower.

O***** Devote wholly.
*O***** Small book
O*** Spread widely
O* Oppressive
****O*** Make free
*****O** Protector
*****O* Small saucer
*****O Disdainful

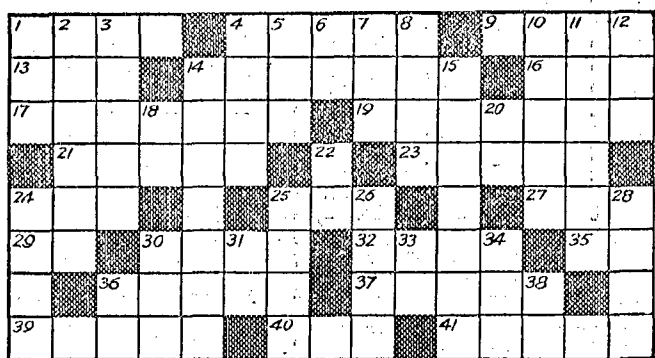
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Stop Words
Telephone Calls A
.11 PA
What Am I? APE
Council CAPE
PLACE
PLAICE
SPECIAL

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Part of a book. 4. Danger. 9. Greek letter. 13. Frozen water. 14. Acquitted. 16. A vehicle. 17. Common. 19. Zealous. 21. A simple fortification. 23. To colour. 24. Small island in a river. 25. Leguminous plant. 27. X. 29. Before Christ.* 30. A conflagration. 32. Fruits having many pips. 35. Accomplish. 36. To intimidate. 37. Made of ash. 39. A unit of heat. 40. A title. 41. Brings forth abundantly.

Reading Down. 1. Oblong mass of unforged metal. 2. Pertaining to the maple. 3. Animal of the civet family. 4. A design. 5. Snake-like fish. 6. High artist's honour.* 7. Wrath. 8. To jump. 10. A happening. 11. Sampled. 12. An industrious insect. 14. The skull. 15. An outline. 18. Editor.* 20. Northern Ireland.* 22. You and me. 24. To encourage. 25. Friends. 26. At a distance. 28. Signs of assent. 30. Remote. 31. The navy.* 33. Exists. 34. To perceive. 36. French for of. 38. Compass point.*

DI MERRYMAN

Cross Words

JOHNNY was walking homeward, his brand-new suit looking very much the worse for wear.

"Hello, Billy!" he said as he met a friend. "Are you good at solving cross word puzzles?"

"Yes," replied Billy. "Why?"

"Well, you just come home and listen to what my mother has to say."

Very Urgent

THE plumber's mate arrived with the story that he had been sent because the work was urgent and his master was engaged elsewhere.

"But we are not wanting a plumber," protested the householder.

"I'm sure this is the right address," said the lad. Then, as light dawned, he said: "It must have been the people who were here before you moved in."

Long Measure



THE chieftain Bigfoot used to say,

"It's quite upon the cards That my feet are not feet at all—I rather think they're yards."

Of Course

MISTRESS: Why haven't you made the tea?

Bridget: There's none left in the caddy, mum.

Mistress: But why didn't you say so before?

Bridget: We had some then.

La Patrie

Two French country lads were with their regiment one morning when the general came to inspect the troops. Coming up to Olive he asked him: "What is la patrie?"

Olive thought for a second, and then, with glee, answered: "La patrie, sir? It's my mother."

"Very good," said the general. "Well spoken."

He passed to the next recruit. "And you, can you also tell me what is la patrie?"

"La patrie, sir, is Olive's mother!"



How her mother keeps her well

Mrs. B. J. Beall, 13, Wilton Street, Belgrave Gate, Leicester, writes: "For baby we have used California Syrup of Figs for the last two years, and can honestly say that we would use no other purifying medicine for her. Although we have tried others we find California Syrup of Figs suits her best and prevents stomach disorders. As a laxative for children it is quick, very safe, quite pleasant, and no trouble to give them, so why look further for a substitute? My husband and I also take it and find it efficacious, and always keep a bottle in store."

MOTHER! If your little one is ailing, fretful, never hungry, has much pain and fever with teething and doesn't get proper sleep, depend upon it the stomach is to blame. You can easily prove it by trying Mrs. Beall's method with her baby. "California Syrup of Figs" will clear the system of irritating waste and the poisons that make the gums tender and inflamed. The terrors of teething will vanish, your little one will develop a good appetite, will digest food with ease and thrive on it, will enjoy sound sleep and be altogether healthier and happier.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. Emphasise "California" and no mistake will be made.

For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
Your Chemist sells them
8° & 1/3 Per Box

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

DOREEN had been staying with Uncle Philip, who was the Director of the museum in his town.

Doreen had loved going round the museum with him while he showed her all the wonderful old things in the cases, and even let her hold some of them. So now that she was home again she was never tired of playing at museums.

One afternoon she was walking round, looking at the doll's cups and some books and things she had arranged in rows on the table, and nodding Good-day to the attendants, as she had seen her uncle do, when in walked Uncle Philip himself.

"Hello!" he said. "I hear that Mummy won't be

back till tea-time, so I've come up to play with you. What's the game?"



"Would that do?"

Doreen was delighted to see him, but she was rather shy when she explained what she was playing at.

"Oh, good!" said Uncle Philip. "But can't we get

something really old for our exhibits? Then we could label them, you know, and they would look fine."

Doreen clapped her hands. "There's the little Dutch vase on the mantelpiece that Daddy brought me from Holland," she cried, "would that do?"

"Fine!" said her uncle, taking it down. "Let's get some paper and make some little tickets."

"And I've got a George the Fourth farthing somewhere, and the Japanese fan Auntie Bobs gave me."

"Fetch them all," said Uncle Philip, busily cutting up tickets.

So Doreen rummaged in her toy cupboard and found

THE DOREEN MUSEUM

all sorts of interesting things.

They had hardly finished writing the labels for them when Mummy came home, and Uncle Philip went down to have tea with her.

Doreen was quite sad when she had to clear up her museum that night; and as she put her exhibits with their tickets in a box she wished she had a real museum to put her things in.

Then one day, some weeks later, a big box arrived for Doreen; and inside what do you think she found? A lovely little museum case, with glass doors, and shelves, and a big ticket, saying,

"To the Director of the Doreen Museum, with love from Uncle Philip."